

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Last Days of Lord Byron; with his Lordship's Opinion on various Subjects, particularly on the State and Prospects of Greece. By WILLIAM PARRY, Major of Lord Byron's Brigade, Commanding Officer of Artillery, and Engineer in the Service of the Greeks. 8vo. pp. 361. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

THE present age has produced two individuals, whose names occupy so large a space in its history, that everything that relates to them is sought after with the greatest avidity; we need scarcely say we allude to Napoleon and Lord Byron: and, however different their pursuits, in the interest they excite there is much similarity. Nor does the parallel close here: both were much calumniated while living, and it was not until death had closed upon them that justice was done to their real characters. Bonaparte was maligned as a heartless tyrant, and Byron as a dissipated infidel, without feeling: the charges against both have been fully refuted.

Byron is particularly to be pitied, since he has suffered almost as much from friends as foes; and those who speculated on making money by his death have not done justice to his memory. Neither of these charges will, however, apply to Mr. Parry, who, if he did not, like book-making Medwin, write down everything Byron said, has given us a more authentic and a more interesting volume, on the subject of his lordship, than has yet appeared.

Those who have read Count Gamba's narrative may, perhaps, recollect that, in an account of the last moments of Lord Byron, he states that he had not the heart to go to his lordship, but that 'Mr. Parry went, and Byron knew him again, and squeezed his hand, and tried to express his last wishes.' No person, indeed, had such opportunities of giving an account of the last days of Lord Byron as Mr. Parry, who possessed his full confidence, lived under the same roof with his lordship, was employed to carry his designs into execution, and, for the last two months of his life, had the management of his funds, and was made the depository of his wishes.

If the personal character of Lord Byron has been calumniated, so justice has not been done to his exertions in the cause of Greece; and it is to defend his lordship from the insinuations of that very silly gentleman, Colonel Stanhope, and to show his real situation and his zealous efforts for the Greeks, that Mr. Parry has taken up the pen. Though unaccustomed to writing, he has, in a plain and inartificial narrative, defended the character of Lord Byron, and let us into some curious information relative to Greece and to

the individuals who have assumed the office of procuring its liberation. There is much of the honest bluntness and sincerity of a sailor in Mr. Parry's work, which divides itself into two parts: the first is a narrative or journal of proceedings in Greece; the second consists of a record of Lord Byron's opinion on a variety of subjects, or circumstances connected with him, arranged under different heads.

Mr. Parry was employed by the Greek Committee, and, at the request of Mr. Gordon, a zealous friend of Greece, was ordered to form a brigade of artillery, for which, though estimated at £10,500, he offered to pay one third, if the committee would provide the rest. Why this offer was not accepted, and why the committee suffered months to elapse without making any preparations for assisting Greece, does not appear. After much trifling, Mr. Parry was at length sent out by the Greek Committee, in order to establish a laboratory, a gunpowder-manufactory, and to instruct the Greeks in every thing relating to artillery, &c. A quantity of stores and some men were placed at his disposal; but, although Mr. Parry was applied to in May, he did not sail until November, 1823, so dilatory was the Greek Committee in its proceedings. Mr. Parry arrived at Missolonghi on the 7th of February, but his own money was exhausted, and the Greek Committee had not, it appears, made any provision for supplying him with the means of carrying into effect the object for which he was sent out. Col. Stanhope, however, introduced him to Lord Byron, who received him cordially, and relieved him. Of his lordship's house, of which Mr. Parry gives an interesting view, or rather of the room in which he received him, he says:—

'The walls were covered with the insignia of Lord Byron's occupations. They were hung round with weapons, like an armoury, and supplied with books. Swords of various descriptions and manufacture, rifle-guns and pistols, carbines and daggers, were within reach on every side of the room. His books were placed over them on shelves, and were not quite so accessible. I afterwards thought, when I came to know more of the man and the country, that this arrangement was a type of his opinion concerning it. He was not one of those who thought the Greeks needed education before obtaining freedom: as I can now interpret the language, there was legibly written on the walls.—"Give Greece arms and independence, and then learning; I am here to serve her, but I will serve her first with my steel, and afterwards with my pen."

'Lord Byron was sitting on a kind of

mattress, but elevated by a cushion that occupied only a part of it, and made his seat higher than the rest. He was dressed in a blue surtout coat and loose trousers, and wore a foraging-cap. He was attended by an Italian servant, Tita, and a young Greek of the name of Luca, of a most prepossessing appearance. Count Gamba, too, came in and out of the room, and Fletcher, his servant, was also occasionally in attendance. His lordship desired me to sit down beside him: his conversation very soon became animated, and then his countenance appeared even more prepossessing than at first.'

Mr. Bowring, it appears, had written to Lord Byron that Mr. Parry was a man of violent passions: a letter from Mr. Gordon to Mr. P. however, convinced his lordship of the respectability of his character, and from this time he seems to have placed the utmost confidence in him. Mr. Parry describes Lord Byron as excessively disappointed and uncomfortable at the apathy of the Greek Committee, and it was plain that his wishes for the welfare of Greece went beyond his means of serving her. He found himself forlorn and forsaken; his conversation was generally serious, and, when it related to Greece, almost despairing. The German officers sent out from England only quarrelled about their rank, and both the Greek government and the individuals themselves appeared to look to Lord Byron only for support. In short, the whole business seems to have been cruelly mismanaged. Byron wanted the Greeks to fight, and win their independence, and then promote education. Colonel Stanhope thought their independence was to be achieved by the printing-press instead of artillery, by pens not swords, and by ink instead of cartridges.

Mr. Parry, who was brought up a shipwright, and afterwards served both in the army and navy, possessed that practical mechanical knowledge which could be turned to good account in various ways, and he was very active in forwarding the artillery brigade, of which he was appointed commander. The sacrifice Lord Byron made in money, to say nothing of his invaluable life; was very great; not less, Mr. Parry says, than 2000 dollars a week in rations only. There seems little doubt that care, anxiety, and disappointment, accelerated the death of his lordship, who, so far from drinking a pint of Hollands every night, as Captain Medwin asserts, lived low and abstemiously. Mr. Parry relates many amiable traits of the character of Byron, who was brave, generous, and humane. On one occasion, a Turkish brig was observed aground, six or seven miles from Missolonghi, and preparations were made to attack her:—

'On this occasion, his lordship, with that active attention to humanity which characterized all his proceedings in Greece, gave me strict injunctions, should any prisoners be taken, to endeavour to save their lives. For this purpose he offered to give two dollars a head for every prisoner saved, to pay something more for officers, and be at all the expense of taking care of them, while at Missolonghi, and of sending them to a place of safety. His lordship, knowing also what would be the conduct of the Greeks, as to plunder, gave me strict injunctions to keep back the artillery brigade, that I might have it as much as possible in my power to relieve and protect the captives, should any be made.'

Among the foreigners sent out, Lieutenant Sass, a native of Swedish Finland, appears to have acted the best; but, indeed, they seem to have been cruelly neglected by the Greeks, and the German Hellenic regiment was, after great privations and losses in battle, broken up:—

'Sass lived through all these fatigues, privations, and contumelies: then, partly from being unprovided for, partly from having a strong attachment to the cause of Greece, he embarked for Candia, with a view of joining the patriots in that island. On the voyage he was captured by a Turkish vessel, and subjected to the grossest insults, and most brutal cruelty. Some of these things cannot be related; but it may be mentioned, that it was one of the amusements of the Turkish soldiers to draw their sabres across his neck, and to point their carbines at him, so that he frequently expected instant assassination. Half famished, beaten, and in a state of torture, death would, probably, have been mercy, but the continued apprehension of the stroke was dreadful; and probably nothing but his sensibility being blunted by previous sufferings preserved his reason unimpaired. He was carried to Alexandria, and thence sent up to Grand Cairo, where he was sold as a slave. The humanity and generosity of an English gentleman released him from slavery, and provided him with the means of returning to his native country. On his arrival, hearing of the expedition which was preparing in England, he went to London, and offered his services to the Greek committee. This body provided him with the means of again reaching Greece, but, like other adventurers, when he arrived he had no funds to maintain himself. Becoming known to Lord Byron, his lordship appointed him a lieutenant in his brigade, and here Sass behaved in a prudent and careful manner.'

Poor Sass was assassinated by a Suliote, whom he had struck with the flat part of his sword, when he wished to force his way into the arsenal at Missolonghi, in despite of the guard. This event had a bad effect, for it made the English mechanics, who had been sent out, determine to return home, and they were provided with the necessary means. Speaking of these men, Mr. P. says:—

'It may be worth while here to mention, as probably some of my readers subscribed for the support of the Greek cause, and may

therefore like to know in what manner their money was expended, that these six mechanics received from the committee, for themselves, their wives, and families, the sum of two hundred and fifty-six pounds, ten shillings, independent of the sum paid for their passage home, and other charges, making the whole expense, at least, equal to three hundred and forty pounds. They had never been called on to expend one penny on account of provisions and lodgings, from the day they left England, till their arrival at Missolonghi; and they were permitted to carry out small ventures, without any charge for freight. One of them, also, a protégé of Colonel Stanhope's, had carried out a number of tracts, and, in addition to his avocations as a mechanic, was charged by the Missionary Society, at a salary of twenty pounds, to spread a knowledge of true religion, or of Wesleyism, among the heathen Turks and the heretical Greeks. He was one of the foremost to retreat from danger, but he managed to pick up a little something by his piety, to comfort him in his retreat. The services they rendered to the cause of Greece for this three hundred and forty pounds were fourteen days' work at Missolonghi, so that every day's work of each of these artisans, and it was not much they did in a day, was purchased by the Greek Committee for the sum of something more than four pounds one shilling.'

Lord Byron had a small corps of fifty-six Suliotes, who formed his body-guard, attended him in his rides, and were 'answerable both to Greece and Britain for his safety.' They occupied a large outer room in his lordship's house:—

'In this room, and among these rude soldiers, Lord Byron was accustomed to walk a great deal, particularly in wet weather. On such occasions he was almost always accompanied by his favourite dog Lyon, who was perhaps his dearest and most affectionate friend. They were, indeed, very seldom separated. Riding or walking, sitting or standing, Lyon was his constant attendant. He can scarcely be said to have forsaken him even in his sleep. Every evening did he go to see that his master was safe, before he lay down himself, and then he took his station close to his door, a guard certainly as faithful, though not so efficient, as Lord Byron's corps of Suliotes. This valuable and affectionate animal was brought to England after Lord Byron's death, and is now, I believe, in the possession of Mrs. Leigh, his lordship's sister*.

'With Lyon Lord Byron was accustomed not only to associate, but to commune very much, and very often. His most usual phrase was, "Lyon, you are no rogue, Lyon;" or "Lyon," his lordship would say, "thou art an honest fellow, Lyon." The dog's eyes sparkled, and his tail swept the floor, as he sat with his haunches on the

ground. "Thou art more faithful than men, Lyon; I trust thee more." Lyon sprang up, and barked and bounded round his master, as much as to say, "You may trust me, I will watch actively on every side." "Lyon, I love thee, thou art my faithful dog!" and Lyon jumped and kissed his master's hand, as an acknowledgment of his homage.'

The manner in which Lord Byron lived in Greece may be sketched from the history of a single day:—

'He always rose at nine o'clock, or a little later, and breakfasted about ten. This meal consisted of tea without either milk or sugar, dry toast, and water-cresses. During his breakfast, I generally waited on him to make any reports which were necessary, and take his orders for the labours of the day. When this business was settled, I retired to give the necessary directions to the different officers, and returned so as to be back by eleven o'clock, or a quarter before. His lordship then inspected the accounts, and, in conjunction with his secretary, checked and audited every item in a business-like manner.

'If the weather permitted, he afterwards rode out; if it did not, he used to amuse himself by shooting at a mark with pistols. Though his hand trembled much, his aim was sure, and he could hit an egg four times out of five at the distance of ten or twelve yards.

'The reader may form an idea of the fever of which Lord Byron died, when I mention his food. He ate very sparingly, and what he did eat was neither nourishing, nor heating, nor blood-making food. He very rarely touched flesh, ate very little fish, used neither spices nor sauces, and dined principally off dried toast, vegetables, and cheese. He drank a very small quantity of wine or cider; but indulged in the use of no spirituous liquors. He took nothing of any consequence during the remainder of the day, and I verily believe, as far as his own personal consumption was concerned, there was not a single Greek soldier in the garrison who did not eat more, and more luxuriously, than this tenderly-brought up and long-indulged English gentleman and nobleman.'

'After his dinner, Lord Byron attended the drilling of the officers of his corps in an outer apartment of his own dwelling. Here again he set an admirable example. He submitted to be drilled with them, and went through all those exercises it was proper for them to learn. When these were finished, he very often played a game of single-stick, or indulged in some other severe muscular exertion. He then retired for the evening, and conversed with friends, or employed himself, using the little assistance I was able to give him, studying military tactics. At eleven o'clock I left him, and I was generally the last person he saw, except his servants, and then he retired, not, however, to sleep, but to study. Till nearly four o'clock every morning he was continually engaged reading or writing, and rarely slept more than five hours; getting up again, as I have already said, at nine o'clock. In this manner did Lord Byron pass nearly every day of the time I had the pleasure of knowing him.'

* The author is not quite correct on this point: the dog, Lion, is in the possession of Mr. Hobhouse, the member for Westminster. This gentleman has also his lordship's late valet in his employ.—REV.

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Lord Byron had one little hobby, which he has shared, I believe, with many distinguished men. He had a great fondness for curious arms of every description. He never saw a handsome or a useful sabre, a curious or a good pair of pistols, or a carbine of a peculiar construction, but he coveted it, and generally contrived to obtain it, at however great a cost. He had consequently a perfect magazine of curious and extraordinary, but at the same time useful, weapons; and, though his armoury could not compare with that at the Tower, it probably was not surpassed by the collection of any private man.

Unhappily for Greece, not only were her chiefs split into parties, but even the English who had arrived there did not act cordially; and poor Byron was continually embarrassed by the imprudence of others, particularly by the Missolonghi newspaper, which contained several indiscreet and revolutionary articles, calling on the Hungarians to rebel against Austria, and indulging in tirades against kings in general.

Mr. Parry gives a lamentable picture of the intrigues and dissensions of the Greek chiefs, which in nothing are more to be regretted than in the effect they had on the ardent and too sensitive mind of Lord Byron. Colonel Stanhope, too, seems to have been a very busy meddler, who did much harm: Mr. Parry saw the effect all this had on his lordship, who he describes as being more of a mental being than any man he ever saw, 'who lived on thought more than on food.' Mr. Parry, we think, clearly proves that Byron fell a victim to his zeal for Greece; his whole soul was set on her emancipation, and every act that obstructed it was a dagger to his heart. All the works that treat of Lord Byron speak of his affection for his daughter, and to this Mr. Parry bears witness, as will be seen by the following extract:—

'When the news arrived from England, on April the 9th, of the loan from the Greeks having been negotiated in London, Lord Byron also received several private letters, which brought him favourable accounts of his daughter. Whenever he spoke of her, it was with delight to think he was a father, or with a strong feeling of melancholy, at recollecting that her infantine and most endearing embraces were denied to his love. The pleasant intelligence which he had received concerning her gave a fresh stimulus to his mind, I may almost say revived for a moment a spirit that was already faint and weary, and slumbering in the arms of death. He rode out after hearing this news twice, and once was caught in the rain. Those who wish to attribute his death to any other cause, rather than to the general debility occasioned by a long system of exhaustion, both of body and mind, have eagerly seized hold of this trifling circumstance, to make the world believe, that he who had swam the Hellespont, who had been accustomed to brave every climate and every season, fell a victim to a shower of rain and a wet saddle. When a man is borne down, almost to death, by continued vexation, and a want of sufficient nourishment, such trifles may complete his dissolu-

tion. In this case they were only the last grains of the ponderous load of calamities which weighed this noble-minded man to the earth; and it is my honest conviction, that he might have been saved, had he had with him one sensible and influential friend, partly to shield him from himself, partly to shield him from others, and zealous to preserve both his fame and his life.'

It is really melancholy to reflect on the situation of Lord Byron in his last illness: destitute of the comforts—we had almost said the necessities of life,—surrounded by domestics, many of whom neither understood him nor each other, and attended by a physician who, whatever amiable qualities he might possess, was either ignorant of his profession or at least of the situation of his patient,—it is not surprising that Byron perished. What, however, surprises us is, that Colonel Stanhope should be the only man who viewed his death without emotion; but, as we have not done with this gentleman nor Mr. Parry, we shall resume the Last Days of Lord Byron.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Thoughts and Recollections. By one of the last Century. Post 8vo. pp. 237. London, 1825. Murray.

THE author of these *Thoughts and Recollections* is evidently one of the present, as well as the last century, for he commences with an allusion to Capt. Medwin's *Conversations of Lord Byron*. The *Thoughts*, we are told, in a brief advertisement, though hastily thrown together, have not been hastily adopted; this we think extremely probable, for they exhibit a maturity and a correctness of opinion which could only be formed by due reflection. The subjects they embrace are very diversified, extending to poetry, politics, religion, political economy, education, &c.: and all the articles are distinct and complete enough in themselves; yet, in general, there is a sort of connecting link which unites them together.

The author is a great admirer, if not a personal friend of Mr. Frere, who is extravagantly praised for his serio-comic poem of the *Monks and Giants*, published under the name of Whistlecraft, and for his excellent translation of *Aristophanes*. These little essays, however, display much acuteness of observation and smartness of remark, and there is scarcely a single subject treated of in the volume on which the author does not throw some new light or some additional information. In an article on Catholicism, the author refutes the general error, that the grant of prospective indulgences is a tenet of that church, and remarks that, on the contrary, 'when absolution is retrospectively given upon confession, it is always on the understanding of full repentance and future abstinence from sin.' The author intersperses his observations with occasional anecdotes:

'The real mischief of confession among the higher orders would seem to be the pollution of the youthful mind by the suggestion of crime. Another and distinguished literary Italian lady told me that, when a girl, she drew lots with her companions, which of

them should confess fornication, in order to ascertain the meaning of the word; and that another girl, having been rated by the priest for not making a full exposition of her faults, procured a little work which enumerated all possible offences. Confessing thus by book, she accused herself of some things which highly shocked her ghostly father, who only arrived at an explanation of the matter, by her avowing *simony* among her other extraordinary offences.'

On the subject of education, the author differs much from our philanthropists, as he attributes the increase of crime to its diffusion. Sir Peter Laurie would answer this by stating, that scarcely one of the juvenile delinquents that are filtered through our gaols can read. On the subject of education, the author seems to be of opinion with Mr. Jardine, whose excellent work, the *Outlines of Philosophical Education*, we noticed some time ago. The author thus reasons:—

'Is the withdrawing children of a very early age, for a great part of the day, from parental control, and folding them in large flocks, with a very inadequate superintendence, likely to improve the morals of infancy? Are not the bad passions rather likely to heat by contact, and does not such a reunion offer facilities for the suggestion and concert of crime?'

'Is the system of education itself the best calculated to answer the mere ends proposed by it. "Perhaps not" will say its more rational advocates; but it is the only system which can be made available to the people at large, and it is good as far as it goes.

'This is, I allow, a satisfactory answer as far as it goes; and, as a popular wholesale mode of education, somewhat resembling the medical practice of an hospital, I will allow the merit of the system. But what shall we say of such a plan having been adopted at one of the great public schools, at which the youth of the English gentry are educated for the highest and most difficult professions? Is not this entirely to lose sight of the best object of education, the disciplining the mind by long habits of application, and preparing it for the future acquisition of knowledge? What we learn at school, however extensive our juvenile studies, will, comparatively speaking, be little; but we learn there much indeed, in acquiring the means of learning more.

'But not only the means of learning more are not acquired by this mechanical system of education, but what is learned is learned by rote.

'While, however, I utterly, for such reasons as I have given, despise the Bell or Lancasterian method, as a mean of liberal education, I am by no means disposed to defend that universally adopted in our classical schools. Why should we be occupied for ten years in learning two languages, which may be acquired in three? Surely we may strengthen the moral muscle as well in learning something that is useful, as in acquiring what is turned to no account. We learn grammar twice, the first time mechanically; and, having no understanding of its object, no associations to hang our recollections

upon, we learn it the first time in vain, and have the needless trouble of relearning it, to the exclusion of some other useful study, in making its application.'

Our author questions the good of Bible societies, particularly so far as relates to the circulation of the Old Testament. On the subject of Ireland, he offers some very sensible observations.

We have hitherto only alluded to the author's Thoughts; we shall now give one of his Recollections: it relates to Constantinople, which the author approached about sunrise, from the sea of Marmora:—

'The view of this city, which appeared intersected by groves of cypress (for such is the effect of its great burial-grounds planted with these trees), its gilded domes and minarets reflecting the first rays of the sun; the deep blue sea "in which it glassed itself," and that sea covered with beautiful boats and barges darting in every direction in perfect silence, amid sea-fowl, who sat at rest upon the waters, altogether conveyed such an impression as I had never received, and probably never shall again receive, from the view of any other place. If there ever was a legitimate excuse for a sonnet, it is to be found in beholding this view. I will venture to give one, which was suggested by it; but will not venture to say that I have never committed the offence upon a lighter temptation.

'TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

'A glorious form thy shining city wore,
'Mid cypress thickets of perennial green,
With minaret and golden dome between,
While thy sea softly kiss'd its grassy shore:

'Darting across whose blue expanse was seen
Of sculptured barks and galleys many a
score;
Whence noise was none save that of plashing
oar;
Nor word was spoke, to break the calm serene.

'Unheard is whiskered boatman's hail or joke;
Who, mute as Sinbad's man of copper, rows,
And only intermits the sturdy stroke,
When fearless gull too nigh his pinnace goes.
I, hardly conscious if I dreamed or woke,
Mark'd that strange piece of action and repose

'While such is the external appearance of Constantinople, I ought to remark, that strangers, disappointed by its magnificent promise, have been led to make a very unfair estimate of its interior. This is by no means void of beauties or of interest; but what, I confess, made the greatest impression upon me was the splendour and variety of the costume of its inhabitants; the *bostangis*, the *galeongis*, the *janissaries*, the *spahis*, &c. &c. all attired in different and all in beautiful dresses. The Turk has no eye for *figure* (which he is prevented by religious scruples from studying), but he has an exquisite taste for what may be called picturesque design, as in arabesques, and as great a felicity in the arrangement of colours; in which latter point, he is aided by his climate, the warm tints of which soften contrast, and justify the boldest combinations of red and blue, yellow and purple, &c. &c.

'I have said that the Bosphorus is covered with boats. These are beautifully carved and gilt, and the small fountain-basin which

spouts water in a barber's shop in Constantinople, might, in its frieze, afford a study to the most skilful of our artists.

'Accident, as well as climate, seems to have aided the Turk in his composition of dresses and ceremonies, which, I believe, exhibit an union of Greek and Tartar magnificence. It was indeed natural for the barbarous conquerors of a polished people to adopt the forms and refinements of the vanquished, as was the case with the Tartars of China; and I have little doubt, for instance, that the superb ceremony of receiving foreign ambassadors at Constantinople is a relic of imperial etiquette. On this occasion, the Grand Signior is seated in the western fashion, with his legs dependent from his throne; and, indeed, the whole ceremony nearly coincides with that described by Anna Commenas.

'Another usage has evidently been derived from Greek times. The Greek emperor was under the necessity of attending church in state, on Sundays, as a proof that he was alive and in health, and the Grand Signior not only attends the mosque in form, upon his sabbath, but on this occasion is environed by a band of spearmen on foot, with high-crested Greek helmets upon their heads.

'I shall here again venture upon a sonnet. There is at least one merit in this species of composition. The reader knows the extent of what he is to endure, and the author, though circumscribed as to form and numbers, finds the same pleasure in his performance that a skater does in achieving a figure of eight.

'ON SEEING THE SULTAN GOING TO THE MOSQUE.

'One Friday morn, the Moslem's sabbath, I,
Where Bosphorus with wider stream expands,
Stood, like an eastern slave, with folded hands,
While to his mosque the Turkish lord swept by;
(So he the ancient ruler of these lands
Erst visited his church), half hid from eye,
By crested helms and lances lifted high;
Not girl with cimtered and turbaned bands.

'Like him, in weal or woe, must he maintain
This ancient use, lest, moved by priest or
peers,
The moody rabble should disturb his reign.

'And much it pleased me, looking on those
spears,

To think how little is the tyrant's gain,
Who, in usurping power, heirs all its fears.

'Though there is so much to delight the eye at Constantinople, there is much less room for the study of manners than in travelling through the country; for the Turks practise hospitality as an essential duty, and not as a mere courtesy to strangers, or for their own amusement: and hence, though they will entertain a traveller who stands in need of food or shelter, upon the road, they will not do so at Constantinople, knowing that he has the resource of an hotel or of his own ambassador's palace at Pera.'

Our author suggests that a good book might be written upon what he would call Comparative National Anatomy, forming a curious illustration of the mistakes of travellers, who try the characters or manners of a foreign

people by their home-standard of weights and measures:—

'Thus the English traveller is scandalized at seeing the fishermen of Naples dreaming away the middle of a summer's day in the shade; and, while he raves about their sloth, is ignorant that these men had been up before it was light, and that they usually were employed during a greater number of hours than English fishermen.

'In the same manner, the Englishman who has been plundered and made a hostage by banditti in Italy, comes back, execrating the people as a nation of robbers, and finds no palliation for their violence, in the absence of the thousand other violations of property to which he is exposed in our roads and in our metropolis*.

'But, if the traveller made a longer residence in Italy, he would find that there is no country in which thievery is so uncommon, and he might wonder at the rarity of burglary, under circumstances which afford such strong temptations to it; a conclusion the reader will admit, when he learns that there are no bankers, in our sense of the word, in Italy, and that, though the Englishman draws through them for small sums, as he would upon his bankers at home, and, therefore, has seldom large deposits of money in his own hands, the Italian has his quarter's receipts in his bureau†. Yet how seldom do we hear of an Italian house being robbed, how seldom do we hear of a robbery by an Italian servant!

'I might say that, having resided some time in that country, I could bear witness as truly to the rarity of theft in all its other departments. I will select one instance only of the singular honesty of the people, in confirmation of this assertion. Mr. C——, a Swiss author, whose very original work on Italy is well known to the world, told me, that he was once forced to take up his lodg-

* 'It may be added that the English traveller is nine times out of ten exposed to danger by his own folly; for (wherever he is) he reasons and acts as if he were in England. When Lord V—— and his party, for instance, were attacked, about twelve years ago, they were the authors of their own catastrophe. The landlord of an inn either at Itra or Fondi persuaded them to stop and pass the night at his house, and, I have no doubt, gave intelligence to the banditti to waylay them. Had they travelled right onward, and without putting him in their confidence, they would probably have escaped. There are so few travellers on the Italian roads, that robbers do not find it worth while to keep the field at all hours, as in England, and accordingly robberies are preconcerted, and the banditti, like Bays's army, have usually "the inn-keepers for their friends." A traveller who makes no display of toilette-plate and jewels, and who does not put any body in his confidence, will generally escape. In suspicious places, he should rise at an unexpected hour, call his own servant, and despatch him for his post-horses.'

† 'Having drawn for a large sum when the exchange was favourable, I wanted the Italian on whom I drew to keep it for me, but he peremptorily refused, as I imagined every foreign banker would.'

ing at a mountain wine-house, where he could find no better harbourage than a stable, in which he slept among muleteers and the ordinary kitchen militia of an Italian inn. He was called very early in the morning by his own muleteer, and, on rising, missed from his waistcoat pocket a *rouleau*, containing many Napoleons. In the first agitation caused by this discovery, he indiscreetly proclaimed his loss, when a lantern was produced, a search in the straw was commenced, and all the sovereigns but two, which I have no doubt were lost, were recovered and presented to him.

'Travellers are not contented with exaggerating the crime of robbery in Italy, but assign unreal motives for it, which would lead us into making a very unfair estimate of the national character. The moral cause, seconded by political circumstances, seems to be the imaginative and excitable temperament of the people. The girls of Itri and Fondi, the two great nurseries of banditti, will not marry a man who *has not been to the mountains*, attaching much the same notion to this phrase that French girls do to the *having served*; and some of the ancient Italian governments prohibited the picturesque mask of a bandit, as speaking too strongly to the passions of the revellers in a carnival.'

Holman's Travels through Russia, Siberia, Poland, Austria, &c.

(Continued from p. 275.)

We can conceive nothing more injurious or impolitic than the restrictive measures of neighbouring nations with regard to imports and exports. Russia carries this system to excess, and hence all ranks, from the noble to the peasant, are smugglers. Even the Russian manufacturers buy foreign articles (which they get much lower than they can make them), attach their names to the goods, and sell them as their own. Our author, though unfortunately blind, is much keener sighted than the Russian politicians, and condemns this system.

Mr. Holman gives an interesting picture of a winter in St. Petersburg, from the cutting the roads across the ice of the Neva in November, to its breaking up, which, when he was there, was in April:—

'When the river becomes sufficiently free from ice, a particular ceremony is observed, previous to any boats being allowed to cross. The governor passes over in his boat from the fortress to the palace, where he presents the emperor with a goblet of the water of the river; the emperor then returns a silver goblet filled with wine, which, with the salver on which it is presented, becomes the perquisite of the governor. As soon as the governor places his foot on shore, a signal-gun fires; the free passage of the river is then restored.'

Our author enters into an examination, in which we think he clearly proves that the Russians neither like nor bear cold better than some of their more southern neighbours. From St. Petersburg Mr. Holman set off for Moscow; between which cities the expense of posting is about three half-pence per mile, and is regulated as follows:—

'In order to facilitate the communication between his old and new capitals, and diminish the expenses of travelling, Peter the Great caused villages, with a population of five or six hundred boors, to be attached to each post station, at the distance of every twenty or thirty versts, and who were obliged to convey the traveller at a fixed and reasonable rate. These people were freed from other duties, and had peculiar privileges granted to them, which they still enjoy.

'A certain number of these boors are obliged to be on constant duty at the post-house, and in which they relieve each other, according to such arrangement as may be agreed on between themselves, those who are disengaged being then at liberty to occupy themselves in such other pursuits as their interests or inclinations may suggest. Some of them become carriers of goods to distant places; as Dresden, Leipsic, &c.; and others engage in various trades. It often happens that the latter have no horses fit for the duties of the post; in which case they are allowed to engage with their brethren to act as their substitutes. In consequence of this arrangement, the traveller generally finds plenty of horses on the road;—there is, however, one result from it which occasionally appears incomprehensible to him. It is this—that when he arrives at a station where the driver, whose turn it is to take him forward, happens to have no horses, he observes a number of these people form a circle, and commence a warm and earnest conversation, which terminates, at length, in an appeal to luck, by a casting of lots. This arises from the necessity the driver for the occasion is under to hire a substitute, and his natural anxiety to incur as little expense, in so doing, as possible. At length, having brought some one individual down to his lowest point, it generally happens that several others immediately offer to serve him for the same price. In this case, the future driver is determined by each marking a piece of money,—for instance, a copeck, which is put into a hat,—when, the whole being shaken together, one is drawn out, and its owner declared the successful candidate.

'These regulations apply to all the post stations intermediate to the two cities, excepting the three nearest to Moscow, which are regularly contracted for by government, as on other post-roads.'

Arrived at Moscow, and after paying a few visits, Mr. Holman dined with the commandant, whose lady had the day before been delivered of a son, and learned that in Russia, when ladies pay the lying-in visit, each places a ducat under the pillow previous to taking leave. As this, we presume, is the perquisite of the nurse, we think it a more genteel way than being followed to the door for the money by the matron, as you are in London, if you neglect to give it before. At Moscow Mr. Holman met Dr. Lyall, to whom he was introduced, and of whom he speaks favourably, proving that among travellers two of a trade may agree. The Russians are very superstitious:—

'Mothers and nurses in Russia do not like to have their children admired too much:

this is what they call casting an evil eye upon them. On this account they will often, before allowing you to see them, desire you to turn from them, and spit three times on the ground, with a view of ejecting the evil spirit;—or, if you happen to have seen them without this precaution, the mother turns her head aside, and performs the operation instead of you.

'There are few people in the world more influenced by superstitious feelings than the Russians, either as respect their religious constitution, or the more ordinary occurrences of private life. Of this characteristic tendency, the above anecdotes, as well as a variety of other instances that have been related in these pages, are illustrations: I shall, however, avail myself of the present opportunity of entering into farther details on the subject.

'The following instance has, perhaps, scarcely a parallel, except in the fanaticism of the disciples of Joanna Southcote:—About three years since, a girl, thirteen years of age, commenced digging with her hands under a tree near the church of the village of Goo-seiver, in the neighbourhood of Moscow, in consequence of communications said to have been received in various dreams, that she would find, in the first instance, a candle; secondly, a post; then an image, which was to be placed in a niche of the church left purposely for it; and, lastly, a spring of water, that would become the source of a mighty river. The nature of this supernatural communication becoming known, immense crowds flocked to the spot, to witness the results of her labours; amongst whom were many sick people, who expected to be relieved from their infirmities by drinking, or washing their sores with the muddy water that collected during her operations, the ground being composed of argillaceous strata, with much moisture from rain. In the course of her proceedings, the candle and post made their appearance; but the police then interfered, and prevented the continuation of the farce, in consequence of the discovery of collusion between her parents and the priest and clerk of the village, who had devised this extraordinary mode of giving celebrity and wealth to a poor country church. It is generally thought that the affair terminated in all the parties, including the priest, being knouted and banished to Siberia.'

Among other curious customs, we learn that—

'On a Russian changing his residence, he assembles his family and servants, when they all sit down in a circle, and rise at the same instant: this is considered as taking leave of the house. On entering into possession of a new house, or on returning to it after a long absence, his friends send him a present of bread and salt, as a welcome: nay, even the governors of provinces are in this way received on taking possession of their governments. A friend of mine one day, after a sumptuous dinner, was, during the dessert, invited to partake of a black loaf, which was placed on the table, with a salt-cellar upon it: he naturally declined so uninviting a morsel; but his host insisting on his compliance, he was agreeably disappointed by

finding, under this form, a delicious sponge-cake that had been sent by the landlord of the house to his tenant, in conformity with the above custom.'

We thought we had every species of crime among us, and every ingenuity exercised, but the following would not disgrace the annals of Newgate:—

'A respectable-looking man fell senseless in the street from a fit, when a person in the crowd started forward, exclaiming, "Oh, my master! my poor master!" He now very coolly transferred the contents of the unfortunate gentleman's pockets into his own, not forgetting his watch, and then, with all the concern imaginable, requested the persons near him to watch his poor master, while he ran to procure an equipage to convey him home. On being observed to pass a coach-stand without stopping, the cheat was detected; but it was too late, for he contrived to get clear off with his booty.'

To compensate for such dark shades of character, we are told that the Russians are hospitable, benevolent, and charitable.

Mr. Holman writes so little like a person deprived of his visual faculties, that, were we not occasionally reminded of it by himself, we should forget the circumstance. Thus, speaking of Tobolsk, he says, 'in this city, I found nothing very interesting, except its society,' the only thing interesting we should expect a blind man to find anywhere.—This city is not Macadamized, for we are told that—

'The streets of Tobolsk are almost entirely laid with planks. For this purpose, trees are sawn longitudinally in two, and placed lengthways, with their convex surfaces downwards; the consequence of which is that, when the edges are a little worn, the wheels of the carriages break through them, and sometimes gets broken thereby.'

No anticipation of danger ever deters Mr. Holman from any enterprise on which he has set his mind: pursuing his journey from Tobolsk through Siberia, he says:—

'At seventy or eighty versts further in advance, we began to enter upon the Barabinski Marshes, the very water of which is so noxious, as to act as a deadly poison on the stomachs of those animals who drink of it. So frequent were the deaths from this source, that an eminent medical man was sent by the government to investigate the cause, when it was ascertained to depend upon the qualities of a poisonous species of hemlock, that grew abundantly in the midst of it. The fact was proved by direct experiments made on dogs, with water impregnated with the juice of this plant, and, in consequence of its admission, wells have now been sunk to furnish supplies of wholesome fluid, and guards placed over the poisonous lakes to prevent cattle from drinking of them.

'The above, however, is one of the minor evils of this earthly Tartarus; the insalubrious quality of its atmosphere, loaded with malaria, or miasmatic impregnation, is not only abundantly productive of typhus and intermittent fevers, but gives rise to a disease peculiar to this horrid Steppe. This is a tumour, that, commencing on some part of the

head, but more commonly on the cheek, continues to enlarge until it bursts, and frequently proves fatal.

'This district gives birth, also, to immense swarms of poisonous flies, and other insects, that almost literally overwhelm the unfortunate subject exposed to their attack; they penetrate into the mouth, ears, eyes, or any part that is not carefully guarded against them; the irritation of their bites is so great, that the face of the traveller requires to be covered with gauze, to protect him from serious injury. Fortunately, at the time of my journey, the summer was far advanced, and the more dangerous season past; and besides, I had the advantage of cold and wet weather in passing the worst part of the Steppe. I experienced, however, quite sufficient to convince me, that the details of other travellers, with respect to this country, were by no means fabulous.'

Few persons but Mr. Holman would ever have thought of traversing a country with such a forbidding aspect as this part of Siberia, with its impervious forests, its rigorous cold, and its miasma. The author crossed the Oby, the largest river in Siberia, by means of a raft; the Oby here is a mile broad, and widens astonishingly as it approaches the Frozen Ocean. Arrived at Tomsk, our traveller was anxious to know how Sunday was passed in this remote and desert country. It commenced with attending the governor and vice-governor's levees, then proceeding to church to hear mass, which being concluded, Mr. H. says,—

'We returned to the vice-governor's, where a kind of second breakfast was provided, consisting of fish, cheese, wine, brandy, &c. A greater part of the company now sat down to cards, until two o'clock, when the whole accompanied the vice-governor to dinner at the president's of one of the courts, whose names-day it happened to be; and where I could not avoid noticing as a novel custom, that our host and his lady, instead of participating in the feast, continued, during the whole of dinner, walking round the table, with a view of seeing their guests properly attended to. The dinner was very sumptuous, as I counted not less than six different kinds of roasted meat. On rising from the table, we returned to the drawing-room, where coffee and preserves were offered to us. At five o'clock, the party retired to their respective homes, for two hours, for the purpose of enjoying a siesta; after which we returned to our liberal host's, who, throughout the evening, presented us with wine, punch, tea, and various fruits and preserves, his guests occupying themselves with cards, dancing, or conversation. At eleven o'clock, the last supply of refreshments was brought in; soon after which the party broke up.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Peep at the Pilgrims in Sixteen Hundred and Thirty-six. A Tale of Olden Times. By the Author of divers unfinished Manuscripts, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 977. London, 1825. Whittaker.

NEW-ENGLAND, famed for its witches, or rather for its prosecutions for witchcraft, which

Cotton Mather had some share in instigating, and of which he has been the historian, is the place where the scene of this novel is laid. The work is an American production, and, however some of our Aristarchi might, a few years ago, affect to despise American literature, yet it has been able to maintain a respectable rank and character in this country.

Our readers need not be told that the persecutions in the first half of the seventeenth century drove many of the puritans abroad, and that New-England was the place fixed on as their asylum: hence this state has, even to the present day, assumed a rigidity in its religious character, which distinguishes it from the rest of the union.

The time to which this novel relates is soon after the first establishment of the colony, and when it was extending to Massachusetts, and thus laying the foundation of a powerful republic. The heroine of the tale is a Miriam Grey, the daughter of a rigid puritan; and the hero, who of course is her lover, is a Major Atherton, who, although not a saint or even a puritan, respects the religious feelings and opinions of those with whom he comes in contact. Without following the author through his conventicle-meetings, religious conversations, or war with the Pequod Indians, all of which are well described, we may state that the conclusion is the marriage of the lovers.

This work gives an admirable picture of the manners and religious customs of the New-Englanders in the infancy of the colony; there are also many interesting incidents in the story, which, however, are not very easily detached; and, if we give an extract, it is rather to show the author's style than to afford any idea of the interest of the story. In the incursion of the Pequod Indians, Miriam and Rachel, the youthful daughter of a friend, at whose house she is on a visit, fall into the hands of the natives—for savages we will not call them. The leader of the Indians was Mononotto. On the landing of the captives—

'The inhabitants of the Indian village were soon roused from their slumbers, and in the clear moonlight Miriam perceived a multitude of every age and sex approaching the shore, eager to welcome the returning warriors. She shrunk trembling from the gaze of savage curiosity, and gently awoke her sleeping companion, who had till then remained insensible to what was passing around her. The child startled from a sweet slumber, and at first, unable to comprehend her situation, began to weep from alarm, which seemed extremely diverting to the Indians, who laughed at her distress, and attempted to mimic her voice and gestures. Miriam was endeavouring to console her, when Cushminaw, the adopted son of Mononotto, stepped forward from the crowd with an air of authority and displeasure, which checked their savage mirth, and, approaching the captives, said to them—

"Be comforted, young maidens; follow me to my mother's wigwam."

'Miriam started almost with a cry of joy, on hearing her native language in such a

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place; and, reading a compassionate interest in the countenance of the young Indian, unhesitatingly prepared to follow him. Mononotto, who had been absent from the spot, at that moment re-appeared, and addressed a few words to Cushminaw; he listened to him with profound respect, and then, turning again to Miriam and Rachel, silently motioned them to proceed with him. The wigwam of Mononotto had been recently erected, and stood remote from the village; as they approached it, Miriam observed through the open entrance a female busied over a large fire, in some culinary preparation. She started with surprise, as her unexpected guests entered the apartment, and stood a moment surveying them attentively, and with an air of gentleness and pity, rather than of curiosity.

Miriam, on her part, regarded the Indian female with involuntary admiration. She had scarcely passed the season of youth, and her mature and noble figure, at once dignified and graceful, possessed that vigour and elasticity so peculiar to the natives of the forest; while her regular features, her soft and intelligent countenance, expressed a mind susceptible of elevated sentiments, and a heart warmed by the gentlest affections of her sex.

Cushminaw cautiously drew a mat over the aperture through which they entered, and, advancing close to his adopted mother, with very earnest gesticulation, entered into conversation with her. When they had finished speaking, the wife of Mononotto approached the captives, and, taking a hand of each in her own, she said,—

“Do not fear, white daughters, Mioma will care for you; she will speak to Mononotto that no harm come nigh you.”

Miriam, encouraged by the voice of kindness, clasped her hands energetically, and replied in a tone of entreaty—

“If you have pity for us, entreat that we may be sent back to our home and friends.”

“We will speak for you,” said Cushminaw; “it may be my father will listen to our voice.”

Grateful for this unexpected favour, Miriam attempted to reply, but her spirits were weakened by fatigue and misery, and, for the first time during that anxious day of captivity, her tears flowed abundantly, and prevented her utterance. Mioma seemed grieved by her distress; she spread a soft new mat, gently urged her to sit down, and, when she began to smile through her tears, expressed her delight by patting her cheeks, and stroking the hair from her forehead; and appeared greatly to admire her beauty.

Cushminaw soon after left the wigwam, and Mioma, perceiving her captives were faint for want of nourishment, hastened to set before them a portion of the mess she had been preparing. It consisted of corn, coarsely broken and boiled with fish, dressed without salt, of which the Indians were entirely ignorant. This unsavory repast was served up in an earthen pipkin, with no instruments for eating but the hands, and was altogether so repugnant to their appetites, that they could with difficulty swallow a

few kernels of corn to satisfy the calls of nature. Mioma in the mean time busied herself in arranging an apartment for her guests; for, though a wigwam seldom contained more than one room for the accommodation of a whole family, she knew it was not agreeable to the customs of the white people, and a native delicacy taught her to consult the feelings of those who were cast on her hospitality. Her simple arrangements were soon completed; and, exhausted by the events of the day, Miriam and Rachel threw themselves on the thick mats which were spread on the ground, and, covered with the skins of wild animals, soon fell into a profound repose.

It was late when they awoke on the following morning; and, as Miriam looked round the singular apartment, and with painful sensations recalled the circumstances which had brought her there, a mat was slowly drawn aside, and the merry face of an Indian child thrust through the aperture. As soon as it caught Miriam's eye, it hastily retreated, but presently re-appeared with another, and they continued their sportive gambols, till called away by the voice of their mother. Miriam trembled at the idea of encountering the haughty Mononotto; but, after listening attentively, and hearing only the children, and Mioma, singing to her *pappoose*, she ventured to leave her room, and join them. Rachel, refreshed by sleep, almost forgot her late alarms; and, too young to realize the perils of her situation, with the simplicity of her happy age, she believed herself perfectly secure while in the presence of Miriam. Mioma received them kindly, and set before them a repast similar to that of the preceding evening, with the addition of a cake of pounded corn, dried by the fire, which they found rather more palatable. She spoke English imperfectly, but endeavoured to encourage them with the hopes of release, and to assure them they were in no immediate danger.

Several days passed away, without any important occurrence; Mononotto spent most of his time in hunting and fishing; and when in the wigwam, never intruded upon his prisoners, if they were inclined to remain in their own apartment. He was satisfied that they were safe, under the charge of Mioma, who would not suffer them to escape, and seemed willing to allow them every indulgence in his power. The miseries of captivity were mitigated by this lenient treatment; but to Miriam time wore tediously away, and days were wearisome as ages. Fears for her personal safety were absorbed in anxiety for her friends; the grief of her father, of Lois, of Atherton, were continually present to her imagination, preyed upon her spirits, and at times reduced her to the verge of sickness. Mioma was unwearied in her attentions, and endeavoured by every means to render her situation comfortable; and, in gratitude for her kindness, Miriam often assumed an air of cheerfulness, which was foreign to her feelings.

About a week after the captivity of Miriam and her companion, a Dutch vessel was seen coasting off the Pequod harbour. The

Indians could not omit the opportunity of showing their hatred to the white people, and sent out several canoes to attack them; the fray ended in the capture of Cushminaw, and many other brave young warriors of his tribe, besides several killed and severely wounded. Nothing could exceed the rage of the savages on this occasion; and with one voice they called upon Mononotto to sacrifice the English maidens to their revenge. Mioma had become exceedingly attached to them, and even the stern disposition of her husband was softened into pity for their youth and misfortunes. She was also unwilling to condemn them, from an apprehension that the Dutch would retaliate on their prisoners, and particularly on Cushminaw, whom he loved with the tenderness of a father. While perplexed in what manner to decide, or how to evade the requisition, a council of the nation was called, at which Mononotto was summoned to appear. He well knew the imperious Sassacus would demand the blood of his captives, and was determined to exact his submission; for, without his consent, he dared not execute his cruel design, as Mononotto rightly claimed them for his lawful prize, and, of course, held their lives at his own disposal.

On that eventful night Miriam, ignorant of what was passing in the fort of Sassacus, remarked that the countenance of Mioma was unusually sad;—she seemed agitated, often looked out at the door, and started at the slightest noise. Rachel had retired early to bed; and Miriam, left alone with Mioma, endeavoured to draw from her the cause of her inquietude; but she evaded her questions, and attributed her uneasiness to solicitude for the fate of Cushminaw. Late in the evening Mononotto returned to the wigwam; he entered with hurried steps, and his features still wore the trace of stormy passions, which had recently agitated them. He started on seeing Miriam, then rapidly crossed the apartment, and stood for a moment, regarding her with mingled sorrow and compassion. Miriam always trembled at his presence; but she now interpreted his singular emotion as a death-warrant, and would have entreated Mioma to speak with him, but could not articulate a word. Mioma sprang from the mat, on which she was reclining, and seizing the sachem's arm, addressed him in her own language, with the most impassioned energy. His answer was slow and emphatic. Mioma threw herself at his feet; she clasped his knees, tore the hair from her head, and, by the most violent expressions of grief, seemed endeavouring to shake his resolution. The countenance of Mononotto remained inflexible, and he pushed her, almost with violence, from him. Mioma rose from the ground, with an air of commanding dignity; she pressed her hands on her bosom, and fixing her moistened eyes sorrowfully on her husband's face, spoke to him long, with a voice of the most persuasive tenderness. The features of Mononotto gradually relaxed; Mioma saw and pursued her advantage. Suddenly her gestures became more animated, her utterance more rapid and vehement; she pointed frequently

to Miriam, and to her children, and at length, with the mute eloquence of nature, threw herself weeping into her husband's arms. The sachem gently disengaged himself, and, standing proudly erect, laid his hand solemnly on his heart, and replied in a few brief but energetic words. Mioma uttered a joyful cry, and, springing to Miriam, folded her in her arms, exclaiming—

"You are safe, my daughter; Mononotto has promised that no harm shall come to you!"

Miriam embraced her preserver again and again, with tears of heart-felt gratitude, and emotions too profound for utterance. She turned to Mononotto,—every thing but his recent kindness was forgotten,—and, kneeling at his feet, she bathed his hands with her tears. The stern countenance of the warrior was for an instant softened by tenderness; he raised her mildly from the ground, and led her back to the arms of Mioma; but, ashamed of a weakness which is considered contemptible by his nation, he hastily turned away, and silently retired from the wigwam.

Mononotto, from that hour, faithfully kept his promise, and resolutely protected his captives from the malice of his countrymen. He was too powerful and fearless to dread the wrath, even of the inflexible Sassacus; and, on his part, the savage monarch dared not irritate his haughty sachem, particularly at a moment when he might be tempted to revolt to the neighbouring Indians, who had entered into alliance with the English.

This novel possesses considerable interest, and, although the characters are not very strongly marked, they are naturally drawn.

The Country Minister (Part Second). A Poem in Three Cantos, with other Poems. By the Rev. J. BRETTELL. 12mo. pp. 178. London, 1825. Whittaker.

THE first part of the *Country Minister*, though published more than three years ago, has not fallen under our observation: it appears, however, to have been very favourably noticed in the critical journals, and in the newspaper conducted by that delightful poet, Montgomery. Of the second part we can speak in terms of just praise. The scenes are those of nature and domestic life, and they are well described; the versification is smooth and often elegant, and there are several passages of great beauty and tenderness. A vein of true piety and genuine patriotism breathes through the whole, as well as in the minor poems. The following apostrophe to his native country, though somewhat common-place, at the commencement, will exemplify our remarks, and afford a specimen of the author's style:—

'Land of my sires! nurse of the brave and free,
Queen of the isles, and mistress of the sea,
For deeds of glory fam'd thro' all the earth,
For generous virtues and for manly worth:
Thy various skies a rougher face may wear,
And colder blasts oft chill thy keener air,
Than softer climes, and brighter seasons, know,
Where suns and breezes warmer shine and
blow;

But who, tho' ocean's billows round him roar,
Would leave, for other lands, his native shore?
Welcome to me thy green and dewy vales,
The wholesome freshness of thy purer gales,
The fruitful showers that from thy clouds distil,
Thy hoary frosts that whiten plain and hill,
And—where the land may feed no grazing
flocks—

Thy wildest deserts and most barren rocks:
Tho' bleak the prospect, and tho' rough the
wave,

Thy hardier sons with venturous spirit brave,
Welcome each spot where liberty has trod,
And pure religion bows the head to God!
But thou hast lovelier scenes and milder hours,
When Spring, with rising verdure, decks thy
bowers,

And Summer spreads, o'er all thy fruitful soil,
With lavish hand, her rich rewards of toil,
Or yellow Autumn, o'er thy woods and plains,
In all her varied hues of beauty reigns.

Oh! cold must be my heart, if I could see
Thy charms, my native land, nor sing of thee—
Fond as an infant child that loves to trace
The smiling features of a mother's face,
I've gazed on thee with ever new delight,
Since first thy beauties met my enraptur'd
sight.

My feeble verse may not extend thy fame,
Yet still for thee I feel the patriot flame,
And deeply glows, within my ardent breast,
Thy own indignant soul for all the oppress'd.

Where struggling Freedom breaks the iron
chains,

That on her limbs have mark'd their servile
stains,

Bursts from her prison with a giant's might,
And lifts her beaming forehead to the light,
Exulting in the open fields and skies—
Each Briton's prayers for her welfare rise.

First in the field of glory, as of yore,
Awaken'd Greece asserts her rights once more—
Oh! rise, some men of more than mortal might,
The cause of Freedom and of Greece to fight,
Some new Tyrtaeus swell the patriot song,
And urge the sons of Liberty along;
But still let Mercy, where the sufferer bleeds,
Rein, desolating War, thy fiery steeds,
Withhold the hand that aims the deadly blow,
And bend in pity o'er the prostrate foe;
Till Peace, bright angel, from her throne above,
Descend, and spread o'er earth her reign of love.

Mr. Brettell feels, as every Englishman ought to feel, an ardent interest for the liberty of Greece, to which he has devoted more than one poem, and to which he has frequently alluded in his *Country Minister*.

My Grandmother's Guests and their Tales.

By HENRY SLINGSBY. 2 vols. pp. 576. London, 1825. Robins and Co.

FROM the time of Boccaccio to the present day the ingenuity of authors has been tasked in order to find some new plan by which a series of tales may be strung together. Mr. Slingsby has chosen to assemble a very clever party round the hearth of his grandmother, whose respective stories and the remarks that are made on them form a very agreeable work. The author sets out with an introduction, which, though amusing, has no connection whatever with the work, beyond telling us that, missing the right port in his way from France, he was thrown near the residence of his grandmother, where he heard the tales which he relates. They

are nine in number, independent of some episodic sketches, one of which, by an old naval officer, is clever and technically correct. They present great variety, being both comic and serious, and the effort to give to each narrator a peculiarity of style is successful. The work altogether displays very considerable talents. One,—perhaps more than one, of these novelettes, is founded on fact,—we allude to the story of Lady Arabella Stuart, whose history is romantic and interesting. As a specimen of the author's talents we give one of the tales, which we select on account of its brevity allowing us to give it entire; it is entitled *Malgherita Spoletina*:—

'Ragusa, most worthy ladies, is a very famous city of Dalmatia: it is seated on the sea-shore, and at a short distance from it is an island called L'Isola di Mezo, upon which stands a strong and well-furnished castle. Between Ragusa and this castle there is a dry and barren rock, of very small dimensions, on which nothing is to be seen but a miserable hovel, scarcely serving to keep out the weather. The inconvenience and insalubrity of this rock were such, that no person could be found to inhabit it but a young monk, who was called Theodore. He was a devout and holy man, and kept a small shrine of the Blessed Virgin in his cabin, whither the sailors and fishermen of the surrounding places used to bring their scanty offerings. Theodore lived on this rock, employed in prayer and pious mortifications. He was so wholly destitute, that he had not the means of supporting existence; and he used to visit, alternately, Ragusa and the island of Mezo, to solicit charity.

'It happened that, one day, when Theodore had gone to the latter place to seek his daily bread by begging, according to his ordinary custom, a circumstance befell him such as he could never have expected. A young and beautiful maiden, whose name was Malgherita, saw him, and, being struck with his person, which was manly and elegant, and with the wretchedness of his condition, which was enough to move the pity of any tender heart, she became enamoured of him, and thought it was unfit that so charming a young man as he seemed in her eyes should spend his days in sorrow and solitude. The fair Malgherita suffered these thoughts to take possession of her bosom so entirely, that she thought of nothing but Theodore by night or by day.

'He, who as yet knew nothing of the impression he had made, continued to carry on his necessary trade of begging, and often went, among other places, to Malgherita's house to implore charity.

'Malgherita, upon all these occasions, gave him alms, although she did not dare to discover the passion she felt for him.

'But Love, who soon becomes the tyrant of all who put on his seemingly gentle yoke, urged her to disclose her affection, and prompted her to address Theodore in the following manner:—

"Theodore, my brother, and the only joy of my heart, so strong is the passion which consumes me, that, unless you take pity on me, my life will soon be at an end. I can resist it no longer; and if, therefore, you

would not cause my death, tell me that your love for me equals mine for you."

A burst of bitter and scalding tears followed this passionate declaration.

Theodore, who had never imagined that he was likely to inspire any one with love, was thunder-struck at this news, and remained mute with astonishment. He, however, soon recovered himself, and, replying to the lady, he displayed as much ardour as she herself had expressed. There were, however, so many obstacles in the way of their indulging their passion, that he was full of despair, and he represented them forcibly, and with great sorrow, to the maiden.

She, who was of a lively invention, replied:—

"Do not doubt, my love, but that I will show you a way by which we shall overcome all the difficulties which beset us. It shall be thus:—At the fourth hour of the night, you shall set up a light in the window of your cabin, and, as soon as I see it, I will hasten to join you."

"But how is that possible?" said Theodore. "How can you, a timid tender girl, pass across the sea? You know that neither you nor I have a boat; and you know, too, that, if we had, so rapid is the current between this island and the rock on which I dwell, that the attempt to row across would probably cost your life, and must certainly be discovered."

"Fear not," she replied; "leave the whole affair to me, and I will find a way of coming to you without putting my life or my honour in peril, and without the smallest danger to you. When you put up the light I will plunge into the sea, and swim over to your rock. This I can do with great ease, and without the possibility of being discovered."

"Indeed," cried Theodore, "you mistake the dangers which you will have to encounter. Your strength is not sufficient to hold out so great a distance; you will fail, and die in the attempt."

"I am not afraid," she replied, "and I am bent upon doing it. I know my own strength, and I can swim like a fish."

Theodore endeavoured to dissuade the maiden from a resolution which he thought little better than madness; but in vain. He was at length obliged to promise that he would comply with her directions; and they then parted.

The night being come, he set up the light as she had directed him; and, preparing everything for her reception, he went to the edge of the rock to wait her coming.

As soon as Malgherita saw the light, for which she had been waiting in all the anxiety of that passion which absorbed her whole soul, she began to put her resolution in practice. She divested herself of the greater part of her clothes, retaining only such a garment as would not impede the motion of her limbs in swimming, and then, in plunging into the sea, she boldly breasted its tide. She had not overrated her expertness in this exercise, for which the women of Dalmatia are famous, and in less than a quarter of an hour she reached the rock.

Theodore received her in his arms, and bore her to his humble dwelling, where, kneeling before the Virgin's shrine, they implored her blessing. In the sight of Heaven, and accompanying their oath with the solemnities prescribed by their religion, they swore to be true to each other while their lives should endure.

No human eye witnessed this marriage: the stars of Heaven alone looked on, and the favouring darkness wrapped the wedded lovers from the sight of the world.

Before the dawn they tore themselves from each other's arms, and Malgherita went back to the castle on the island as she had left it, and reached her chamber undiscovered. As often as the close of the day came did she again swim to the barren rock, which was now a paradise to her; and here she passed the long nights in the society of her beloved Theodore.

At length it happened that, as she was swimming to the rock one night, a fog arose, which prevented her from seeing the light quite clearly, and drove her out of her course, so that she was seen by some fishermen, who were pursuing their occupation. At first they took her for a large fish; but, looking more closely, they found she was a woman, and they then watched her until she reached the rock, where they saw her land, and enter Theodore's cabin. This, however, did not diminish their astonishment. They staid near the rock until she returned; and then, marking the course she took homeward, they rowed after her, and, in spite of all her precautions, they discovered who she was.

These poor fellows at first had no intention of betraying the secret with which they had thus accidentally become acquainted; but afterwards, when they came to discuss the matter, and to think of the disgrace which must ultimately be brought upon a respectable family if it were not put a stop to, as well as of the nightly peril in which the young girl's life was placed, they resolved they would disclose all that they knew. They therefore went to the house of Malgherita, and, asking to see her brothers, the fishermen told the young men every particular that they had seen.

The brothers heard this fatal intelligence with great emotion. At first they could not believe it, and proposed, before they gave credit to it, that they should have the evidence of their own eyes; but, after examining again the fishermen, and making inquiries in their own house, they were too well convinced of its truth in all respects. They then consulted together as to the best means of putting their unhappy sister to death without delay, but in such a manner as to conceal the disgrace which she had brought upon their name. At length they agreed upon an expedient, which was immediately put in execution.

The youngest of the three brothers at nightfall got into a boat, and rowed quickly, and as if clandestinely, to the rock where Theodore dwelt. When he arrived there he told the hermit who he was, and besought him to give him a lodging for the night, alleging, as a reason for his request, that he

had been engaged in an affair which had terminated unfortunately; that, for the share he had taken in it, his life was forfeited to the laws of the land; and that, if he should be seized, he must inevitably die.

Theodore, who was delighted with an opportunity of being useful to a brother of Malgherita's, received him with the utmost cordiality. He put before him the best fare his hovel afforded, and sat up the whole of the night conversing with him.

In the meantime, and while the younger brother wholly occupied the attention of Theodore, the other two, as soon as the night had quite closed in, went out of their house secretly, and, embarking on board a small sailing-boat, having first provided themselves with a torch, they directed their course towards the rock. When they reached it they made fast the boat, and then fixed the light they had brought with them to the top of the mast in such a manner that it was sure to be seen by their hapless sister, whom they had left on the island of Mezo.

Their design succeeded;—the courageous girl, as soon as she saw the accustomed signal of the light, threw herself boldly into the sea, and swam towards it.

The brothers, upon hearing the noise which Malgherita's swimming made in the water, loosened their boat, and, taking up their oars, they rowed slowly and silently from the rock towards the main sea, the light still being fixed up against the mast.

The luckless girl, who, owing to the darkness of the night, could see nothing but the light, which to her had always hitherto been a favouring as well as a guiding star, followed it without hesitation, and did not perceive that it changed its place. The brothers, in the meantime, never ceased to row on; and their vessel proceeded as steadily and as fatally as the footsteps of Death. At length, having arrived at the deep ocean, they on a sudden extinguished the torch.

Malgherita, when she lost sight of the light, was in utter confusion and despair: she did not know where she was, or what she could do; her strength began to fail, from the long exercise she had taken; and, finding she was far beyond the reach of any human help, she abandoned herself to her evil destiny, and her delicate body was swallowed up, like a wrecked vessel, by the remorseless and devouring sea.

The elder brothers, satisfied with the result of their savage scheme, returned home to the island. The youngest, when the day appeared, repeated his thanks to Theodore for the asylum he had afforded him, and departed soon afterwards. The news was spread about, first through the castle, and afterwards all over the island, that Malgherita Spolecina was nowhere to be found. The hypocritical and sanguinary brothers affected to be greatly afflicted at this event, which they had themselves caused, and at which they were infinitely rejoiced.

On the third day after this most unhappy lady's fatal death, her body was cast by the sea upon Theodore's rock. The wretched man was walking along the narrow shore, meditating, and endeavouring to guess what

fatal accident had deprived him of his tender Malgherita, when her dead body was washed to his feet. The moment his eyes fell upon it, he recognised it, and his horror was so great as almost to deprive him of life.

'At length, summoning up his courage as well as he was able, he took hold of the inanimate body, and drew it out of the water, and carried it into his hovel. His grief now became uncontrollable; he cast himself upon the corpse, and kissed the pale lips, lamenting and mourning, while the rapid tears fell from his eyes upon her heavenly bosom, as white—and now as cold—as the mountain snow. He called upon her in vain, and the echo of his desolate abode repeated his passionate exclamations.

'When his grief (by being indulged unchecked) had spent itself, he thought of the necessity of performing the last rites of sepulture to his beloved Malgherita. He took the spade with which he usually laboured in his little garden, and dug a grave near his hovel: then, with many tears, he closed those eyes and that mouth—once his greatest joy and pride, now dimmed and cold in death—and made a garland of roses and violets, which he put upon her head. This being done, he kissed her for the last time, laid her in the grave, and covered her with earth.'

DR. LYALL'S TRAVELS IN RUSSIA, &c.

(Concluded from p. 195.)

RUSSIAN travels and Russian campaigns have so crowded on us, that, in our anxiety to pay our devoirs to our new acquaintances, we forgot to relieve Dr. Lyall from the ice palace at St. Petersburg, in which we left him a month ago,—a neglect for which we beg his pardon. The doctor's book is, however, well worth returning to, and contains much curious information respecting a country which combines a singular mixture of barbarism and civilization. Dr. Lyall takes in very good humour the disapprobation his former volume met with from the higher classes of society, nor do we in the present volumes find that it has in the least affected his good nature; he has not, like Dr. Clarke, condemned the Russians *en masse*, but seems as anxious to discover a virtue in the Russian character, as to detect a vice or deformity. With these remarks, we shall leave the doctor to speak for himself, in a few extracts. At Serpuchof, a curious custom prevails among the merchants and burgesses:—

'The females do not go to church on week days, nor even on Sundays, except they be great festivals, till after marriage. I was led to inquire as to the cause of this of a merchant, whose two daughters always remained at home, while his wife and his daughter-in-law were almost daily attendants on divine service. All the answer I ever received was truly Russian; "I know not—it is the custom—it is not considered good to act otherwise."

At Tulla, the Birmingham of Russia, there is a large manufactory for fire-arms, which the doctor improperly calls the 'arm-fabric,' as if it was a manufactory of artificial arms, as substitutes for natural ones. At Kief, Dr.

Lyall witnessed the punishment of malefactors:—

'A circle had been formed by the military, within which Mr. Dúrof, the police-master, remarking we were strangers, kindly invited us to enter. After the prisoners heard their sentences read, the punishment was inflicted. A man received twenty, and woman fifteen strokes of the dreadful knout. Mr. Dúrof related to us that the man was a notorious character. He had been a soldier, had seen foreign countries, spoke a little German, deceived everybody, and at length robbed a monastery. His physiognomy bespoke coolness and determination, and the blackest passions of the heart. On his trial, he boldly told the judges, that the money he took was lying idle; and, consequently, was of no use either to the monks or to the world, and that by taking it and distributing one half to the poor, while he kept the other to himself, he had really been serving both God and man. The deliberate strokes of the knout disturbed his stoic indifference, and drew forth his cries. When loosened from the rack, a shtoph (a square gallon bottle) was presented to him. He looked around the circle, saluted the multitude, put it to his mouth, and then, manifesting the utmost indignation, dashed it on the ground, while he sneeringly said, "I thought it was spirits, but it is only water." He was next branded on the forehead and cheeks. While the blood was flowing, the wounds were rubbed with gun-powder, so as to render the circular marks, nearly as large as a halfpenny, quite indelible, except by excision.

'The woman screamed and groaned terribly during the infliction of the strokes. When loosened, she seemed to faint, and was laid upon the earth, and then covered with a *shoob*, or sheep-skin pelisse.

'Two boys and a woman next received the *pleti*, or whips. By turns, their bodies being partly uncovered, they were laid flat down with their faces on the ground, and were held firmly by a number of assistants. The executioner, standing on the right side, inflicted a certain number of strokes, and then as many while on the left. All the sufferers cried most bitterly; and, indeed, this mode of punishment, although apparently puerile, is extremely severe. It leads to the most indecent exposure, and could only be tolerated in a demi-civilized or barbarous country.'

Dr. Lyall gives an interesting account of the rise and present state of Odessa, which has sprung up almost like the magic palace of Aladdin, so rapid has been its progress. The following is an anecdote of imperial good nature:—

'A few years ago, when his Imperial Majesty Alexander was on a visit to the south of Russia, he stopped for a short time in one of the chief towns, where resided a distinguished general as governor, who is remarkable for absence of mind. The emperor having entered his cabinet with him, sat down to sign some papers: the governor walked about the room, but at length he walked out of it, shut the door, locked it, and left the house. He was soon reminded of his mistake by

one of the sovereign's aides-de-camp, who followed him. Such an action gave rise to no small degree of laughter at the governor's expense, in which the monarch, who was no stranger to the eccentricity of his conduct, heartily participated.'

At Kherson are the monuments of our Howard, and the Russian Prince Potyémkin, of whose character and fate authors differ. Dr. Lyall says—

'I have been assured, that, although Paul sent an imperial mandate to take up and cast the body of Potyémkin into the first hole which might be found, it was never obeyed; that the pretence only was made; and that it still reposes within the walls of the church, though nobody can or will tell in what place. The coffin was removed, and all inscriptions in memorial of Potyémkin were obliterated; but a new grave was dug, and covered over with flags, which had been purposely taken up; and there the mortal remains of this once great prince were consigned to eternal oblivion. As it is no uncommon circumstance that even the active and vigilant Alexander is deceived by his nobles and his officers, we can easily believe this account of disregard to Paul's orders.'

Dr. Lyall, among the few political discussions in which he indulges, examines the opinions of various writers as to the probability of India being invaded by Russia, of which he thinks there is no danger. He says—

'If Russia were even in possession of Persia, in my opinion, she could only think of such a plan, in order to find a sepulchre for her troops. If she employed Russians alone, three-fourths of them would be in their graves before reaching India, and the remainder diseased and unfit to fight. The warm climate would sweep them off by thousands and tens of thousands, and their bones would bleach in the deserts of India, as did those of the French in Russia in 1812. Should she wish to employ Persians along with Russians, their number would be totally inadequate for the purpose of attack, and still less of conquest.'

In this opinion we agree with the doctor, and, always anxious, if possible, to part on good terms with authors as well as friends, we shall take our leave of his work, although we could glean many more interesting extracts relative to the character and customs of Russia.

ORIGINAL.

LETTER FROM JONATHAN OLDWORTHY, ESQ.
To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR,—I give you credit for offering to the public several association and joint-stock company schemes, of which it is only justice to say, that they are as good as many of those that are afloat amongst us. I therefore beg you will accept of another, which, I think, it will be desirable to consider as originating in your excellent journal. It is one with so many claims to universal patronage,—its merits are of so decisive a character, that I feel persuaded it only requires publicity to insure popularity.

The scheme in question is a 'Novel-Writing Joint-stock Company,' to consist of persons of all descriptions, from the highest to the lowest grade in rank, talent, virtue, and vice, provided only that each party shall be able so to write as that his or her communication can be read and disposed of to the general advantage, after undergoing the necessary orthographic filtrations, to be made and provided at the expense of the company.

The scheme is comprehensive and magnificent, as you will perceive when you have reflected upon its extent, adoption, and national importance; nevertheless, like many other important matters, it had but a small beginning. A few friends were lately perambulating the ruins of Wingfield manor-house, in Derbyshire, where the unfortunate Mary of Scotland was imprisoned a considerable time, and where a conspiracy made for her relief was defeated. The place was a scene to inspire romantic thoughts, and it was proposed among the party to lay their wits together, and produce a story, in which, of course, all the great requisites for a romance should be amalgamated, with more success than even the crucible of the Great Unknown has hitherto exhibited. In short, all the particulars were arranged, and everything done but the deed, which would have immortalized the projector, when the idea was suggested by one who had hitherto suggested no other, that, in this season of immeasurable speculation and unbounded abilities, a more wholesale system should be acted upon, and resort had to the whole body of brains, with their efficient stores, whether native or acquired, to be found in his Majesty's dominions.

We are the more anxious to lay this scheme before you, Mr. Editor, from the apprehension that your gentle and knowing familiar light, Asmodeus, would be of singular use to us in this undertaking: and, since it is certain that not one devil in Quevedo's list, nor even any of those merry ones seen by Count Swedenburg, playing battledore and cricket, was so likely to aid us in calling spirits from the vasty deep of old times, or the mighty sweep of new ones, we, the said ramblers in mines and on mountains, hereby desire to summon him. We entreat him to attend to those who dream without sleep—who construct without bricks or mortar—who are generally the architects of their own fame—who build the 'lofty verse' in attics near the skies, and can assist his wishes in unroofing houses and disemboweling tombs, for the purpose of raising 'black spirits and grey' to mingle in our enchanted circle.

All other companies set out with an ostentatious display of their capital; but, as that of the present company does not consist of dirty acres or vulgar stock, though we might boast of golden leaves, perhaps thick as those in the woods of Vallombrosa, we shall for the present decline saying more than that, like other great powers, our glory will be shown in *Reams*, and that the Bank of England, that concentrated emporium of wealth, will issue its *pens* for our service, to an immense extent. It will be, therefore, evident to the

meanest capacity, that the first great requisites of the institution are provided, with the exception of galls; and who can know so little of the world (especially the world of authorship) as to suppose that these will be long wanting—every reviewer will contribute his quota.

Persons of genius, of wit, of deep research, and those who shine only on the surface; men of learning, and women of no learning; heavy readers, light readers, and those who never read at all; great talkers, kind listeners, broad provincialists, tender sentimentalists; antiquarians, whether vulgar or polite; Irish porters, Scottish clansmen, half-pay officers, soldiers, widows, rising and falling beauties, ministers of state, pirates, cooks, dowagers, nay, even kings and queens, might, if they chose, be considered useful, in some way or other, in our association; for, as a good novel must contain at least one plot, and a great variety of actors in it, we apprehend that the minds of many may so be brought into action, as to furnish such variety of dialogue, point, narrative, passion, research, humour, and novelty, as we must not expect to meet with in any one writer, though in this age of requisition we look for it in every one, from the author of *Waverley* to the writer of nursery rhymes.

Considering that splendid talent, youthful imagination, and sound morality, should constitute the ground-work, and furnish the main part of the structure, even in all works of fiction, we propose that three-fourths of our body shall consist of those who have proved themselves the highly-gifted and the well-informed; but, as the remaining part, though very useful personages to give shadows and contrasts to our pictures, may be little known, and, therefore, little appreciated, it is for their sakes we would solicit the assistance of Asmodeus. When we want to show the terrific energies of avarice or despair, surely he can dive to some fashionable hell, and bring us a damned spirit,—I mean a gamester at his last stake; and if, turning with loathing and affright from this object, we seek to paint the sorrows of remorse and the tears of penitence, perhaps he will be good enough to persuade one of those ladies to give us light on the dark secrets of their bosoms, who have left their wedded lords and their innocent babes, for the arms of now faithless paramours. As we may occasionally touch upon subjects the most revolting, as well as the most affecting, showing that most hideous and unnatural spectacle, a woman who can sell her love in youth, and her hatred in maturity,—a seducer in one season, and an assassin in another,—perhaps he will persuade Mrs. Clark, of *past*, and Harriette Wilson, of *present* notoriety, to make us a flying visit. We would inquire after Mr. Hayne, if we wanted a shuttle-cock in our pages; but we apprehend, before even our first sheet can go to press, more amusing follies than his will be abroad among us. If the Catholic question be carried, great strength will be given, in all probability, to our descriptions, by the revival of all those magnificent pageantries, affecting dirges, monastic seclusions, appalling punishments, and mind-subduing spells, with which the ancient

hierarchy abounds, and of which we trace such interesting descriptions in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe or the pages of *Ivanhoe*. Our only fear on this subject is, lest these things should become too common, and thereby lose the charm they diffuse over those now old stories, on which they cast 'the dim religious light,' which is rendered beautiful from its obscurity, and touching from its gentle gloom. Whether it will be possible to bring our various assemblage of talent and tempers so to coalesce as to produce one clever whole; whether the expansive declaimer will be content to condense, or the close reasoner condescend to be elaborate; whether the humorist will not laugh at the motley group around him, when he should be gravely writing that his readers may smile; or our sentimental ladies be found crying at the offences they receive from rude authors, instead of drawing tears from others,—as an individual, I have my doubts, Mr. Editor. The scheme is, however, not a less excellent scheme for being one of difficulty, or even of impracticability: it has been for ages asserted, that genius and industry can conquer all obstructions; and, as this result, should it really take place, would give, in addition to its avowed intention, new lights on the art of government, it is evident that the society will do well to pursue, with avidity, that which they have adopted with enthusiasm. If rail-roads can be made to impel us, by the power of steam, from Penzance to John-o-Groat's, with the facility of wings, in despite of mountains and valleys, towns, rivers, and lakes, why may we not hope to see the concentration of many imaginations, the union of many designs, the information of many opposite and incongruous minds, the conceptions of both grave and gay, good and evil dispositions, in one admirable work? Really, the design is quite as feasible as many others, and much more delightful in the prospect it presents.

Besides, there is a necessity of opposing the great monopolist: it is contrary to the very spirit of Englishmen to be cowed into submissive admission of individual superiority; and what cannot be done by any one may be effected by a body. Only think, too, what a body of talent may be produced! Really, all impossible things seem possible with such a host. If the joint-stock company will merely accept of Jacob's advice,—'see that ye fall not out by the way,' they will carry all things before them, and compel even the Great Unknown to hide his diminished head in Redgauntlet's helmet.

Like other projectors, I find I am reckoning too fast, and assuming that company as formed which is yet in embryo: again, therefore, I, or, collectively, we (for there certainly is a body, though one in a state of infancy), require the good will of Asmodeus in arranging and assembling us. Let him gently stimulate the author of *Anastasis*, and then hope will be always our's; recall the pen that wrote 'Patronage'; invoke the reverend poet of 'Paris' to tread the road to Parnassus by a new medium; call on the admirable writer of 'Our Village,' and the delineator of 'Bracebridge Hall,' for their contributions; remember, that the hand

still lives which gave 'Evelina and Cecilia' to light, and could form a goodly contrast to the 'World as it was,' to the clever 'Saying-and-Doing' young man who gives us the world as it is. The author of the 'Pirates,' if not native, could be naturalized, and the venerable mother of 'Cælebs' petitioned for our assistance. Might we not compel Lockhart to remember the land of his birth, and Galt to forget it, for the same laudable purpose? Draw Lady Morgan from Italy, where she does little good, to those home scenes where she is inimitable; and the matchless sisters, Porter, can restore us to the heroic ages at their pleasure. The author of 'Headlong Hall' can make us laugh, and she of 'Patience and Perseverance' make us cry. 'Highways and Byways' can fill up our corners, and the Jeffersons be lawyers to the concern. The Opium-Eater might find us pleasant dreams, and Elia most amusing realities. Neele, the poet, should give us sweet thoughts and pure love, and the 'Improvisatrice' tender descriptions and glowing scenes. The author of 'Marriage' will raise many a good-natured smile, and he of 'Heraldic Anomalies' renew them; while the 'Favourite of Nature' shall make us at once grave and gay, instruct us and delight us. The 'Hermit in London' shall fill many a charming page, and the 'Country Curate' read us his pretty poetry. In short, Mr. Editor, be assured we shall open as many mines in mind as the Derbyshire Company expect in the caverns: drive away pens with the facility of steam-chariots, spoil sheets with more rapidity than the Washing Company can cleanse them, feed the simple better than the Milk Association, and, eventually, realize those golden dreams which inspire all projectors, and are, more exclusively, the right of those who seek at once to please the world and to mend it. I am, in a new capacity, your sincere and, for the first time, your romantic friend,

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

BIOGRAPHY.

BARON DENON.

[From a Paris Correspondent.]

I LAMENT to announce to you the sudden death of the celebrated Baron Denon, so well known to all the literati of Europe. This enlightened traveller and munificent patron of the arts attended, on Tuesday, the 26th of April, at the sale of the valuable collection of paintings by the old masters, the property of M. Perrier. The concourse of amateurs which this sale had drawn together was immense, and rendered the room in which they were assembled so oppressively hot, that the baron, unable any longer to endure it, retired for relief into the fresh air. The day was chilly, and the sudden change of temperature produced an almost instantaneous effect upon him; he was seized with a trembling, and, getting into his carriage, proceeded immediately home: medical assistance was procured without delay, but the symptoms of approaching dissolution came on so rapidly as to convince the faculty that their aid was vain; he languished till the

next day, when he expired. He was buried this morning (Saturday), at the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, attended by upwards of a hundred persons of the most distinguished literary eminence, as well as others of the highest military rank. His two nephews followed as chief mourners. An immense crowd of the poorer orders followed in the train, and their tears and benedictions bore testimony to the sincerity with which his loss was deplored. The body was removed at twelve o'clock from his house on the *Quai Voltaire*, to the church of St. Thomas Aquinas, which was hung with black on the occasion, and high mass performed with the utmost solemnity. There were twelve mourning coaches and a considerable number of private carriages at the obsequies of this distinguished individual. A detachment of the garrison rendered the deceased military honours. The baron was in his eightieth year. His invaluable collection of rarities in works of art—the choice but very numerous assemblage of unique articles of Egyptian antiquity—the drawings, paintings, and curiosities, of the most interesting description, which enriched his cabinets, are well known to every Englishman of taste and science who has visited Paris, to whom his house was always open. He possessed a vast fund of knowledge, which he was ever ready to communicate; his sentiments on all subjects were liberal and elevated. In a word, he was an accomplished nobleman of the old French school. As he died unmarried, his property, which is very considerable, devolves on his two nephews, one of whom resided with him; the other is a colonel in the French service.—*British Press*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE TALE OF SORROW.

OH, there are hours in life so fraught with grief,
Teeming with rayless woe, that it were best
Existence then had ceased.

A darkling dream

Falls o'er the thought, and, in its deepest gloom,
Enwraps the stricken brain.

I marked, amid the crowd of revellers,
On whom the veilless moon was shedding light,
A pale and pensive youth. He seemed to view
The joyous throng before him with dislike,
And turned his half-averted eye to where
The clustering forests, with a gloomy mien,
Slept in the heavenly rays. On his wan cheek
No rosy tinge of health or pleasure came;
His lip was bloodless, and his lofty brow
Scored with untimely lines. But twenty years
Over his life had rolled,—a withered spring—
A hapless dawning of a fair-hoped day.
A maiden sat beside him, beautiful
As laughing Love: her hand was clasped in his,
And, 'ever and anon,' she turned her eye
From the inspiring crowd of dancing forms,
To watch that paly face; and, if a tear
Fell on his burning cheek, she kissed it off,
And, with a smile, so very eloquent
That it would seem the sunshine of her soul,
Attempted to infuse a gleam of joy
In that benighted eye, so dimmed by woe.
'Twas stern Despair, attended by young Hope.
I know not how, but soon, insensibly,

We grew in converse, and methought his mind
Shook its lethargic dreams away. He spoke
Of other days and olden thoughts, and oft
Paused in emotion, whilst the gathering tears
Trembled on each lid, in piteous lustre.
At last (sorrow soon finds companionship)
He told me of his grief, and thus began:—

'It was a lovely eve,—the moon arose,
And shed her fairest beams on gladsome hearts,
For 'twas the vintage-time. The parent vines
Had yielded up their offspring, and the land
Resounded with the shout of revelry:
I was the gayest of the sportive group,—
My laugh was louder, heartier, than was theirs,
And my young soul knew sorrow but by name.
This sister (who is all of joy I have),
Was present with me in the lively dance,
And shared the perils of that dreadful night.
Nay, weep not, Julia, thou hast been to me
A more than angel in my wretchedness,
'Tending my mental wants, and pouring hope,
Couch'd in the sweetest accents, o'er my soul.
For her I live, or else these fading eyes
Had long since lost their light. But pardon

me,—
My tale must be but brief—perchance my brain
May lose remembrance. Ended were the sports
When we retraced our steps to yonder vale;
I slung my carbine round me, for the wolves,
'Mid mountains famished, grew by hunger
bold,
And killed our flocks, and e'en attacked man.
With lightened hearts, and kindly talk, we
passed

The time in joy away, until we gained
A little mound that overlooks our cot.
I heard a sullen roar, and saw a wolf
Spring from his leafy covert on our path.
To aim my carbine was a moment's work—
I fired—the ruthless animal fell dead—
But, oh!—I heard a scream, so shrill, so loud,
It seemed to perforate the very Heaven.—
Silent was all again—I onward sped—
When—can my tongue relate my misery?—
I found my mother, bleeding, pale, and wan—
The ball had done a double deed of death—
And killed at once my enemy and bliss.
She died within my arms.'

Edmonton.

J. J. L.

PRIMROSE HILL.

AFTER a long and dusty round,
A panting upward climb,—
'Tis pleasant to attain the mound
Of antiquated Time;
To feel the wind's awakening thrill,
And freshness breathe, on Primrose Hill.

Rome was magnificent to view!
London looks powerful here!
Hallowed in smoke the spires point through,
Glittering like many a spear;
And structures, by the mason's skill,
Ere long will compass Primrose Hill.

What active minds are scheming now!
What business urging strife!
Power making Ruin's captives bow
To the concerns of life:
Yet why should thoughts of care or ill
Pervade the mind on Primrose Hill?

The grass, with cups and daisies pied,
Invites the heart from woe;
The sky, which stretches far and wide,
Shines on all things below;
Light marks the works of human will,
Pictured in shade on Primrose Hill.

Reflection winds her sylvan part,
In Truth's unerring charm;
Pleasure improves the cheering heart,
And Fancy keeps it warm:
Though toil and habit call us,—still
Sometimes retreat to Primrose Hill. J. R. P.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE fifty-seventh exhibition of the Royal Academy opened on Monday, and we ascended, if not for the last time, at least we hope for the last season, the narrow and lofty flight of stairs which leads to the Great Room, anxious to see how far the honour of the arts had been sustained during the year. The exhibition is, on the whole, a good one, and, if any proof were wanting of the good the Society of British Artists is calculated to render, it will be found in the vigorous competition to which it has driven the exhibitors at Somerset House. It is true that portraits still predominate excessively, and we have been told that no exhibition would be successful without a great number of them: this, however, we doubt; and, although the immediate friends of a Mr. Higgins or a Mr. Wiggins may give their shillings to see him on canvass, yet these can form but a small portion of the five or six thousand pounds which are annually received at these rooms. There are only two or three points on which portraits can be generally interesting: these are the rank or importance of the individual, the extreme beauty of a female, or the merit of the picture as a work of art: there are, however, many portraits in the present exhibition, which present none of these claims to admission. The Royal Academicians have been very active: the president, Sir Thomas Lawrence, has eight pictures, Jackson seven, Sir William Beechey six, Chalon eight, Daniel six, Phillips and Howard eight each, Reinagle five, Ward three, the late Mr. Fuseli two (Comus and Psyche); Turner, Northcote, and Hilton, only exhibit a single picture each.

In portraits, the president, as usual, maintains his superiority, particularly in females; of these we were much struck with the portrait of that beautiful and accomplished lady, Mrs. Peel, No. 28; the delicacy of form and feature, the grace and dignity, which this lady so preeminently possesses, are given with the most exquisite fidelity. The dress is plain, and the ornaments she wears, though valuable, chastely harmonize with it. Indeed of this lady it may truly be said, as Lord Littleton did of his first wife—

'Each beauty of her mind and face
Is brightened by some sweet peculiar grace.'

No. 57, a portrait of the Princess Sophia, by the president, is also a charming picture, the drapery of which is managed with exquisite skill.

No. 71, by the same artist, is a full-length portrait of the Duke of Wellington, with his baton in his hand, and as thoughtful as if on the eve of a battle that was to make or mar him for ever; there is a cool intrepidity and studied caution strongly indicated in the face of the hero of Waterloo, who, if he wished

really to appear to advantage, should be painted when smiling.

No. 83 is a portrait of Mr. Secretary Canning, in which Sir Thomas has made the wit, the poet, the orator, and the statesman, almost breathe on the canvass. Mr. Canning has a fine intellectual countenance, and the president, on finishing this portrait, might, like the artist of old, have almost exclaimed, 'Speak, for I am sure you can.'

Nos. 118 and 140 are very fine portraits, by the president, of the Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Croker, secretary to the Admiralty. No. 399 is a portrait of Lord Bexley, whose unmeaning face is very well depicted. We were, however, more pleased with a charming portrait of the son of J. G. Lambton, Esq. No. 233, on which Sir Thomas has bestowed infinite pains.—We shall now proceed to notice a few other prominent pictures, without observing any strict order or arrangement.

No. 152, *The Harbour of Dieppe*, by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. This is the only picture exhibited by this able artist: it is, however, well calculated to sustain his reputation, for a more rich or luxuriant view we have rarely seen; the ocean, the clear sky, and the shipping, are all depicted with surprising fidelity.

No. 1, *the Combat; Woman pleading for the Vanquished*: William Etty.—This is an ideal group very vigorously executed. The picture is of a large size, and exhibits a wounded combatant, whose body, but not his mind, is subdued, still struggling with his conqueror, and exhibiting physical suffering with some slight feeling of mortification at defeat. The victorious warrior possesses that muscular energy which seems able to overcome every difficulty; between them a female of lovely figure has thrown herself, as if appealing to the sufferings of the conquered and the generosity of the conqueror. The anatomy throughout the three figures is very fine; the colouring, though perhaps somewhat too glowing, is a good deal softened down, and the picture has a character of imposing grandeur, which proves that Mr. Etty possesses qualifications for the highest walk of the pictorial art—historical painting.

No. 3, *The Regent Murray*, shot by Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh: W. Allan.—This picture, though not without merit, does not read, as an artist would term it; and without the long extract given in the Catalogue, from Robertson's History of Scotland, we should have some difficulty in determining the subject. The figure of the regent is in a similar position to all the men who have died on canvass within the last century, and, although such an event would naturally excite some confusion, yet ye should have wished the picture less crowded, and the colouring less uniform and gloomy.

No. 29, *The Distressed Situation of the Kent East Indiaman*, Capt. Cobb, when on Fire, in the Bay of Biscay, on the 1st of March last: W. Daniell, R.A.—As a marine painter, Mr. Daniell deservedly holds a high rank, and he has given us a vigorous representation of one of the most awful scenes which the pencil is called upon to depict. Mr. Daniell, it is true, did not witness the

awful scene, but we are assured that the picture is painted from authentic information. The moment selected is when the vessel is almost thrown upon her beam ends by the gale, and the first volume of smoke has burst from between the decks. The crew, almost petrified, seem to hesitate between the only alternative that appears to present itself, that of perishing by fire or water. A boat is seen launched and crowded, while the ship's side presents a mass of human beings clinging with terror, in every direction, or seeking some means of escape; the elements are at war, and add to the horrors of the appalling scene. When Louthborough depicted the shipwreck of the *Halsewell*, some of the sailors who had been on board her at the time could scarcely believe that it was a painting; and the same observation would apply to this picture, had the size favoured the deception. The action of the sea and sky is most powerfully depicted.

No. 39, *Portraits of J. S. Buckingham, Esq. and Mrs. Buckingham*: H. W. Pickersgill.—This is a clever picture, and shows Mr. Buckingham is a good husband, in exhibiting himself with his better half.

No. 41, *Portrait of the late Lord Byron*: R. Westall, R.A.—The fine intellectual countenance of Byron, beaming with poetic inspiration, is well portrayed in this picture, the colouring of which is peculiarly chaste; the whole face is very characteristic of his lordship.

No. 50, a *Portrait of Mrs. Robinson*, by F. J. Harlstone.—A very cleverly executed portrait, by a very promising young artist.

No. 70, *Bosworth Field*, by A. Cooper, R.A.—This picture represents the closing scene of that battle in which the daring Richard lost his crown and his life. The point taken is when Richard has killed Richmond's standard-bearer and has seized the standard, which he waves in triumph while he bears all before him, like an avalanche. The horse of Richard is, perhaps, the best part of the picture, and is a very spirited specimen of a war-horse, which seems as eager in the battle as its rider: the colouring is chaste and mellow throughout.

No. 84, *General Mina*: J. B. Mayard.—We were particularly pleased with seeing this gallant officer in such good company as Mr. Canning. The face of Mina does not possess much dignity, but expresses a cool and modest intrepidity.

No. 105, *Christ crowned with Thorns*: W. Hilton, R.A.—The brutal ferocity of the wretch who is tormenting the Saviour is forcibly expressed in this picture, as well as the scornful derision or malignant cruelty of those who are witnessing the scene. There is, however, nothing superhuman in the appearance of Christ. In correctness of drawing and harmony of colouring, this is, undoubtedly, a beautiful picture.

127, *The Trial of William, Lord Russell*, at the Old Bailey, in 1683 (and not 1663, as stated in the catalogue): G. Hayter.—We were much pleased with this picture, which contains a great number of figures. The virtuous patriot of course occupies a conspicuous place; he appears firm and undaunted,

as if conscious of the rectitude of his conduct. Before him sits his faithful wife, that model of conjugal virtue and affection, watching with the most intense anxiety the proceedings, and taking notes of everything that passes; this forms a fine contrast to the absence of all feeling manifested by the judges, and the very questionable character of the witnesses. The picture is carefully painted, and the grouping is very well managed.

187, Portraits of Archdeacon Butler and his Family: P. Corbett.—That a gentleman who can pay for his portrait has a right to choose how he shall be represented is indisputable, though there may be something like taste in the choice: it would certainly have been as consonant with his profession, had the archdeacon, his wife, son, and daughter, been at family prayers instead of a game at chess. The archdeacon is standing behind the young lady, and with formal precision is directing the moves. The portrait of the reverend chess-player is well painted.

Here we must pause for the present, merely observing that Ward has some good animal subjects; Blake some exquisite little pictures of dead game; and that in the Sculpture Gallery there are some charming things, by Westmacott: but what has become of Chantrey that he does not exhibit this year?

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—On Monday, his Majesty honoured this theatre with a visit, and was received with that ardent enthusiasm which greets his ears whenever he appears in public. The pieces selected were *Der Freischütz* and *Simpson and Co.* The house was crowded to excess, and somewhat uproarious, which afforded Mr. Elliston one of those opportunities he never fails to seize on, of appearing on the stage to make a speech. On this occasion, the great lessee contrived to insult his Majesty and the audience at the same time. When he came forward, he seemed to say, with Masaniello, 'My people, what are your wishes.' What he did say we know not, except that he told the audience he felt honoured by their presence, as if it was to hear Mr. Elliston make a silly and obtrusive speech that the people paid their money. God save the King was sung three times, on the call of the ultra-loyal audience, and Rule Britannia once, which is rather too much of a good thing. The King did not seem cheerful in the early part of the evening, but appeared to enjoy the after-piece.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A very smart piece, a *petite comédie*, in two acts, taken from the French, and adapted to English taste by that successful writer, Mr. Poole, was produced at this theatre on Tuesday evening. It is entitled *Tribulation, or the Unwelcome Visitors*; and the story, extremely well wrought, derives its chief interest from a happy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Dorrington (Mr. Downton and Mrs. Davison), who have been ten years married, attempting to deceive each other in concealing how they intend passing one evening. The lady has resolved to visit a gay widow (Mrs. Glover), against the express desire of her husband; and the

husband, with equal duplicity, has determined to pass the night rakishly with his friend Forrester (Mr. Raymond), who introduces him, under the feigned name of Jenkins, to the *soirée* of the same widow. This widow being known to Mr. and Mrs. Dorrington under different names, leads them unsuspectingly, to the same spot, where he is fleeced of his gold, and she is greatly annoyed by the importunities of Sir George Faddle (Mr. Vining). The adventures of this evening bring them into great 'tribulation,' and each is so completely ashamed of the unworthy manner in which each has behaved to the other, that both resolve, after an unwelcome visit from Sir George Faddle and the widow Dashwood, to confess and apologize for the deception practised. These circumstances, in their development, afforded many fine scenes, well delineated by the author, and admirably sustained by the performers. Mr. Downton was perhaps a little too free at times; but Mrs. Davison was sensibility itself, and expressed the emotions of her bosom with fine discrimination. Mr. Vining's fame must be increased by this representation, and Mr. Raymond has seldom appeared in a more favourable character for his reputation: indeed, the entire performance was a treat to the true lovers of the drama, such as is seldom met with, and to which Mrs. Glover, as the flirting widow, contributed her full share. *Tribulation* was announced for repetition amidst loud cheering. It was followed by Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, in which Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Humby sustained, for the first time, the parts of Mrs. and Miss Hardcastle. Mrs. Glover's representation was admirable; but Mrs. Humby was by no means refined enough for the lady-like parts of her's; there was much gaiety and spirit in her performance, but, as a whole, it was too vulgar: the transition from the bar-maid to the young lady was marked by no change of manners; and we cannot help thinking that, though Mrs. Humby may prove a great acquisition in one particular line of acting, her powers are not suited to the first walks of genteel comedy.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

'Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful,' original and translated, containing the Prediction, the Yellow Dwarf, Der Freischütz, the Fortunes of De la Pole, and the Lord of the Maelstram, are in the press.

'A New Theory of Light' is in the press, by W. Hunt, and will shortly appear.

Mr. Donovan has in contemplation the publication of some interesting materials on British Natural History, in the same form and manner as his former publication. The first part, the Gleanings in British Ornithology, will include scientific as well as general descriptions of the nests and eggs of every British bird at present known, and will be accompanied with very accurately and beautifully coloured plates.

Travels of my Night Cap, or Reveries in Rhyme, with Scenes at the Congress of Verona, by the Author of My Note-Book,

or Sketches from the Gallery of St. Stephen's, is in the press.

A Journey through various Parts of Europe, in the Years 1818, 1819, 1820, and 1821; with Notes, Classical and Historical, by Thomas Pennington, A. M. rector of Thorley, Herts, late fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, is also in the press.

History of the Conquest of England by the Normans, its Causes and Consequences, translated from the French of M. Thierry, will shortly be published.

Count Ferrand, a peer of France, member of the Institute, and author of *L'Esprit de l'Histoire*, in 4 vols 8vo. died at Paris, January 17th, aged seventy-two.

A theatrical picture, painted by Hogarth, has just been discovered. The subject is Garrick in the green-room of Drury-Lane Theatre, evidently acting one of his favourite characters (we believe Sir John Brute), for the amusement of a select circle, who are seated around him. On his left hand stands his brother, George Garrick, and in the foreground, seated on a chair, is the artist himself. Mrs. Garrick, full of youth and beauty, is seated at the extreme corner of the room, elegantly attired, and near her sit Peg Woffington and Mrs. Pritchard, behind whom are Macklin and other actors, who were the principal performers at Drury Lane at that period. Under the chair, on which Garrick sits actively engaged in a speech, are the emblems of Tragedy and Comedy—and near them the celebrated pug dog, first introduced into England by Hogarth, in a state of great agitation, occasioned by the powerful exertions of the English Roscius. Behind Garrick's chair, and pointing to him, is the figure of Fame, blowing the trumpet.

Arctic Land Expedition.—The officers of the Arctic Land Expedition, consisting of Capt. Franklin, commander; Lieut. Kendall, astronomer; Dr. Richardson, surgeon and naturalist; Lieut. Bark, surveyor; and Mr. Drummond, botanist, passed through Albany, on their way to York, Upper Canada, in the latter end of March. The whole party are directed to assemble at Bear Lake, and, in the spring of 1826, will descend M'Kenzie River, embark on the Polar Sea in July of the same year, and sail westwardly towards Icy Cape. Should they not there meet Capt. Parry, the Blossom, of twenty-eight guns (which has lately sailed from England to the South Seas), will be found waiting at Behring's Straits, in the event of the expedition reaching that point. It is intended, on reaching M'Kenzie River, that a party shall proceed eastward, and explore the line of coast between that and Copper-Mine River. A detachment of the same expedition has gone on by way of Hudson's Bay.

Islands Discovered.—The Francis and Charlotte, arrived at Singapore, from the north-west coast of America, discovered three islands on her passage.—The following is an extract from the master's log:—'At daylight, on the 26th of May, saw three islands, bearing due north by compass, distant eight or nine leagues. They are not laid down in any of the latest charts, nor mentioned in any

modern work. Their size appeared small, and their height moderate: the one most westerly appeared in the horizon like a small hillock; the other, undulating and lower. The most eastern was the largest: the distance between them two or three miles in an east north-east and west south-west direction. We had a good sight, for the chronometer, at seven a. m., which places the islands in long. 114. 48 m. and the latitude (of this we cannot be equally certain) above 18. 11. north.'

Antiquities.—Mr. Holford, of Kilgwyn, had upon a part of his estate, at a considerable distance from the mansion, a pyramidal stone of prodigious magnitude, which he was desirous of removing nearer the house, but was deterred from the attempt by its apparent impracticability. In his absence, Mr. Holford, jun. with the view of giving his father an agreeable surprise upon his return, collected a number of the neighbouring tenantry, to essay its removal. The whole lateral pressure of the earth having been removed, a team of five-and-twenty horses was put to, and succeeded with some difficulty in dislodging this ponderous mass from its site, and exposed to view a tablet, with the following inscription:—

'A PAWL A BREG Elhodd un yvan
hon hyd FLWdd AnAd Xxvllil

AG ELimAP OWEn Goch
ALAddwyd AG GAddwyd uuman
oacof PREG thy GRif t 1604.'

Which, when translated, we take to be, 'St. Paul preached on this spot about the year of our Lord 48;' and 'Elim ap Owen Goch suffered martyrdom, and was buried in the same place, for preaching Christ, 1604.' This is an antique of considerable importance in a historical point of view, determining, as far as such evidence can, the hypothesis of our learned diocesan—that St. Paul preached the Gospel in Britain. When this inscription was made does not appear; but, even admitting it was as late as the early part of the seventeenth century, it shows the existence of a tradition to that effect, or of some historical record, of which this tablet is probably a transcript. From the distinctness of the date, we are inclined to think the latter, and that our ancestors were desirous of transmitting this interesting fact to posterity is apparent from the immense labour which must have attended the sculpture of this tablet.—The discovery of this interesting tablet determined Mr. Holford to examine a *cairn*, or *tumulus*, also upon his property, the result of which was the discovery of two earthen vases, one of which, through the carelessness of the workmen, was broken; the other, in which were human bones, was preserved. Under these was also found a tablet, with an inscription, partly Welsh and partly corrupt Latin, of which the following is a transcript:—

'Hic JACET IN kAIRN hoN
CoRpvs Lvpvs
DA Escop TRECAsTELL
Lloscodd AD. 427.'

This bears the date of the fifth century, and is inscribed to the memory of Lupus, Bishop of Trecastle, whose remains it is supposed

they contain. Both these discoveries were made in the parish of Mothvey, and, if an examination were set on foot generally in the principality, we are sanguine that many valuable antiquities may be rescued from oblivion, and that the cause of history would be materially benefited by the recovery. We should have observed that, in digging up the tablet which records St. Paul's preaching in this island, human bones and ashes were found. Part of the pyramidal stone, since its deportation to the lawn of Kilgwyn, has been polished, and it proves to be a block of red marble, beautifully variegated with blue veins. The farm on which the stone stood was formerly called *Gelly-maen*, obviously deriving its name from the stone. The other inscription, it will be seen, records the martyrdom of Elim ap Owen Goch, for preaching Christ.—*Caermarthen Journal*.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
April 29	51	63	52	29 58	Fair.
.... 30	52	60	49	.. 80	Do.
May 1	42	57	47	.. 74	Do.*
.... 2	50	60	52	.. 66	Do.
.... 3	53	60	50	.. 86	Do.
.... 4	51	66	60	.. 96	Do.*
.... 5	60	66	60	.. 85	Do.

* Rain at night.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Riding Rusty.—A gentleman having remarked to a friend, that his Majesty's military escort, during his late visit to Drury Lane Theatre, had to ride about for five hours in a heavy rain, the latter replied, that it was enough to make the *Cuirassiers ride rusty!*

FRIENDLY ADVICE—IMPROMPTU.

A lass, whose name was *Mary Ware*,
And who could boast of beauty,
Of love full oft had found the care—
A friend, to save her from his snare,
Thus did a friendly duty.

'Fair maid, my lesson now regard,
A lesson good and rare;
One word is all—and that not hard,—
From husbands bad your surest guard:—
Fair maid, it is,—*be-WARE!*' J. M. L.

A Charitable Malediction.—A Mr. Moses Jeffris, in an advertisement in *The Genius of Liberty*, printed in Fayette county (Pennsylvania), asserts, that a certain person did, at the last session of the court, attempt to injure his character; but as the person 'is now lying ill, and in his master the devil's hands,' Mr. Jeffris very charitably hopes that he (meaning always the devil) 'will reward him well in this world for his deceit and treachery, so that he may not have the trouble of the scoundrel in the next.'

Cutting Retort.—Archbishop Tillotson had, by some means, incurred the displeasure of Sir John Trevor, who had been expelled the House of Commons for several

misdemeanors. Sir John, one day meeting Tillotson, cried out, 'I hate to see an *Atheist* in the shape of a churchman.'—'And I,' replied the archbishop, 'hate to see a *kuave* in any shape.'

EPITAPH ON WALTER WICK.

Of Walter Wick here lies the dust,—
For some, perchance, may ask it;—
His *Wick's* burnt out, and life has burst,
Like an old *wicker* basket.

To *wickedness* he ne'er gave way,
But from him used to kick it;
His soul has fled from earth's dull day,
To knock at Heaven's close *wicket*. J. M. L.

In the case of two projected duels between some natives of Hibernia (a nation seldom famed for thinking twice on the business of a challenge), one individual spoke openly of wife and family as to be considered, and another was equally concerned for the delicate state of a daughter's health. The then solicitor-general of Ireland honoured them with these lines:—

'The heroes of Erin, unconscious of slaughter,
Improve on the Jewish command;
One honours his wife, and the other his daughter,
That their days may be long in the land.'

A Nice Point of Law.—Blackstone, speaking of the right of a wife to dower, asserts, that if land abide in the husband for a single moment, the wife shall be endowed thereof; and he adds, in a note, that this doctrine was extended very far by a jury in Wales, where the father and son were both hanged in one cart; but the son was supposed to have survived the father, by appearing to struggle the longest, whereby he became seised of an estate by survivorship; in consequence of which seisin his widow obtained a verdict for her dower.

PAT'S OPINION OF A RAIL-WAY.

The *rail-way* is the thing for affording relief,
To poor Paddy—some wiseacres cry;
So swiftly his butter, his bacon, and beef,
To London's big market shall fly!
'Now the *real way*,' says Pat, 'that would please me, is such
As would make all these matters move slower;
For the devil a taste of them Paddy could touch,
At the rate they all travelled before!'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Society for the Employment of Idle Gentlemen shall have insertion, as requested. The Petition Extraordinary, and several other articles, including a review of the Expedition to St. Peter's River, are unavoidably deferred until our next.

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